

Life

NOVEMBER, 1935

FIFTEEN CENTS



CAMERA CLICKS KICK-OFF

IN $\frac{1}{100,000}$ th
OF A SECOND!



Here's Compression For You!

THIS is what actually happens to a fully inflated football at the infinitesimal instant that it is kicked! Caught with stop-motion camera in $\frac{1}{100,000}$ th of a second . . . by Prof. H. E. Edgerton and Mr. K. J. Germeshausen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

See how the kicker's toe sinks in! Here's *compression* for you!

When you are driving to next Saturday's football game, remember the pictures on this page. It's *compression* that puts power in the kick-off; it's *compression* that puts power in your car's engine. The more a football is compressed before it leaves the foot, the farther it goes; the more gasoline is compressed in your engine's cylinders before it is "fired," the more power it develops.

EVERY CAR OWNER SHOULD HAVE THESE FACTS:

To increase the compressibility of motor fuel, oil companies use anti-knock fluids manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation. They are so effective that most regular and premium gasolines sold in the United States and Canada now contain them.

Pumps bearing the trademark "Ethyl" contain special motor fuel of outstanding quality and value because—

1. You get a sufficient amount of fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries.
2. The all-round quality of the motor fuel so treated is doubly checked

—by the oil companies and by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation — at the refineries and at filling stations.

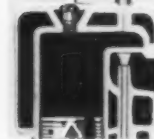
3. With Ethyl you get the full performance of the high compression engines of modern automobiles. Ethyl also livens older cars which have carbon deposits.

*Pictures below show how
Compression means Power
in your car's engine, too....*



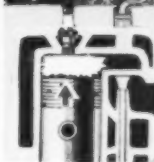
1 READY

Above: Foot swings to compress ball. Left: Drawing shows piston in automobile engine cylinder starting upward to compress gasoline vapor.



2 COMPRESS

Above: Kicker's toe meets ball, compressing it. Left: Spark ignites gas vapor compressed by piston.



3 GO!

Above: Ball soars away as it springs back in shape. Left: Combustion of gas vapor drives down piston, furnishing power to car's wheels.



ALWAYS LOOK!
Only gasoline sold from pumps bearing the Ethyl trademark on globe or body contains sufficient Ethyl fluid to bring out the FULL performance of modern, high compression cars.

To get ALL the power and pleasure from your car investment—NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!



Portrait of a Young Lady who never intends to have "Pink Tooth Brush"

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

MOTHER, you will never regret the day you bring Ipana into your home—and make "massage with Ipana" the dental habit of all the family.

There is plenty of real evidence in favor of "massage with Ipana." Modern dentists and modern schools advocate this practice . . . encourage the daily care of the gums as well as the teeth.

Here is the simple reason. The soft foods of modern life rob our modern gums of the stimulation they need to remain in perfect health. And without hard work—without natural, health-creating exercise—our gums are very apt to grow tender, sensitive—susceptible to the serious disorders of gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. It is a wise and responsible parent who follows modern dental practice in the

home care of the gums. So begin now to use "massage with Ipana"—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Use fingertip or brush. Rub briskly. You will notice a livelier, healthier tingle in your gums. For Ipana plus massage helps bring back normal firmness.

Start the family on "massage with Ipana" today. Even the littlest likes it. And when they make their twice-yearly visit to their dentist . . . when he sees those firm gums and sound teeth . . . you'll be more than repaid to hear him say—"Very good . . . Very good, indeed."



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



● Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a lifetime of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

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STOP

CAUTION

GO

THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

A Slight Case of Murder, by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay. No less than a round dozen loud laughs, but unfortunately nothing to fill in the gaps between them. Maybe there is something in the common belief that when people go to the theatre they want to see a play. 48th St. Theatre.

At Home Abroad, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Some gala revue humor on tap here, with Beatrice Lillie, Ethel Waters, Herb Williams and other such competent drolls to merchant it. Winter Garden, Broadway and 50th.

Few Are Chosen, by Nora Lawlor. The author produced it herself, so the Broadway boys are in just that much more money. 58th St. Theatre.

Life's Too Short, by John Whedon and Arthur Caplan. The old mothball about the man who loses his job and the wife who baits her former lover to get it back for him. Nothing new about it save some vaudeville wisecracks. Broadhurst, W. 44th.

Night of January 16, by Ayn Rand. Another one of those court-room murder trials that becomes a trial to its audience. My charge for sitting through any more of them will be \$14,000. Ambassador, W. 49th.

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. Last season's movie farce-comedy, with the juicy performance of Gladys George in the central rôle, still pleasuring that considerable section of the trade that has no use for dramatic criticism. Miller, W. 43rd.

Remember the Day, by Philo Higley and Philip Dunning. An often crudely written but sometimes rather agreeable sentimental valentine about a little boy's love for his school-teacher in the Ah, Wilderness! period. National, W. 41st.

Smile At Me, by E. J. Lambert and Gerald Dolin. Jack Osterman carried coals to Newcastle by kidding it from the stage. The audience beat him to it. Fulton, W. 46th.

The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman. The original company still doing well by the best American play of last season. The tale of the wrecking of two young women's lives by the whisperings of a malicious child that they are sexual oddities. Elliott, W. 39th.

Three Men on a Horse, by J. C. Holm and George Abbott. The public's pet farce. It also has a certain degree of funny stuff in it for dramatic critics. It's about a clairvoyant race-track tipster who falls in with a

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

THEATRE — MOVIES — SPORTS

BOOKS — RECORDS — "GO" PLACES

+ +

trio of racketeers. Playhouse, W. 48th St.

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. The presenting company has been improved since the economical summer period and the play—a realistic appraisal of Georgia white trash—now again gets its due. Forrest, W. 49th.

MOVIES

Don Herold

(*Not suitable for children)

Alias Bulldog Drummond.* Ever try spending the evening at home with a good book?

Anna Karenina.* Garbo finally wins this armor-plated observer in a typical Garbo pain picture, with Russian dressing, and with Fredric March and Freddie Bartholomew as head men—both disappointing. (March is too juvenile and Bartholomew is too adult.)

Annapolis Farewell. Sir Guy Standing in a maudlin performance in a maudlin story about a retired naval officer who is so mushy sentimental about his old ship that he sneaks out and goes aboard her when they use her for target practice. Some fun, eh?

Broadway Melody of 1936. Eleanor Powell's dancing and Bob Wildhack's snoring make this. Vilma and Buddy Ebsen are good, too, but Jack Benny has nothing to do.

Dark Angel.* The nearest I've come to crying since the market crash in 1929. A swell, sad movie about a wounded soldier, with class acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall. Take a towel.

Diamond Jim Brady. Edward Arnold in a plenty-karat performance as the supersalesman and superspender of early New York, who advertised with diamonds instead of neon tubes.

Page Miss Glory. Marion Davies clowning amateurishly in pigtailed and pigeon-toes, in an otherwise fairly lively comedy about a dumb chambermaid seized by Pat O'Brien to impersonate a beauty contest winner.

Special Agent.* George Brent, Bette Davis and Ricardo Cortez in how Uncle Sam gets gangsters for income tax foolin', which oughtn't be hard if your sweetheart is a gangster's book-keeper.

The Big Broadcast of 1936. An elongated short. Includes everything from Jack Oakie and Burns and Allen to a blood transfusion and a herd of dancing elephants, and anybody else on the Paramount lot with 20 minutes to spare.

The Crusades. The atavistic Mr. de Mille gives us a grand old 1920 spectacle of men and horses, clad in wash boilers and mail-boxes, marching off to war through pretty arches. Clashes and clichés, actory acting, and Loretta Young inconceivably causing most of the trouble.

The Goose and the Gander.* George Brent and Kay Francis miscast in a complicated comedy which fits together too well to be believable, and isn't very funny in the first place.

Top Hat. Fred Astaire, who cerebrates with his feet, in a light-hearted show otherwise unimportant, but that's unimportant.

Two for Tonight. Bing Crosby and associate idiots crooning and looning in 61 minutes of diverting, though sometimes over-deliberate, insanity.

Welcome Home. James Dunn and Arline Judge in the old one about the racketeers (always including a dame) who go to a small village to clean up financially and who get cleaned up spiritually. Entertaining in spots.

We're in the Money. Those two rowdy wenches, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, roughing it as a team of process servers, aided by maniac Hugh Herbert.

SPORTS

Paul Gallico

Football October 26

Yale-Army, New Haven. There's never been a dull one . . . Dartmouth at Harvard; Princeton at Cornell (that's a long trip but a swell game) . . . Michigan comes to Columbia. They say Kipke hasn't got much this year but it's a fine intersectional game . . . Indiana at Ohio State. Ohio State's supposed to be the wonder team of the year . . . Northwestern at Minnesota. Remember Minn. last year? . . . Stanford-Washington, always a tough one . . . U.S.C.-California, big coast game . . . Alabama-Georgia.

Notre Dame comes down to Navy. Looks like too much football for the Midshipmen. Liable to be a high score if Notre Dame is clicking by this time . . . Iowa-Illinois; Pitt-Penn State, always a hard game, but not quite in the top flight class. . . . Tennessee-Centre.

Southern Methodist-Hardin-Simmons, and Fordham-Lebanon Valley . . . Shame on you big bullies.

November 2

Dartmouth at New Haven, Dartmouth has yet to win one of these . . . Princeton-Navy, nice ball game . . . Columbia-Cornell, ancient rivalry . . . Notre Dame at Ohio State. Whoopee! If Notre Dame comes through her first games, hock everything to see this one . . . Penn at Michigan, Illinois-Northwestern, Purdue at Minnesota, beeg ones . . . Southern Methodist-Texas, red hot

(Continued on page 42)

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"Dad, I'm glad we've got these
skid-safe Generals"

Here's a Positive Way to Reduce
the Hazards of Skidding

Skidding accounts for more automobile accidents than any other cause. On wet slippery streets and highways you need sure gripping traction that assures control of your car at all times.

General's new corkscrew grip tread is the most important development in non-skid design in the last 25 years. This winding, twisting design provides non-skid traction in all directions — forward as well as sidewise.

And most important this new design gives you the longest wearing non-skid ever built into a tire. Let the General Tire Dealer demonstrate the amazing safety features of this tire.

The **GENERAL** Dual 8
THE "BLOWOUT-PROOF" TIRE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. T. M. 190,191

"It's great
to be busy"



"I'm a telephone installer and I like to be busy. A good many people are calling up these days and saying they want a telephone put in.

"Often they will make an appointment and it's my job to be there on the dot. The company is a stickler for that. More than 97% of the appointments made with subscribers are now met at the exact time requested. We're trying to do even better than that.

"Seems to me it's something worth while—putting in a telephone. People always seem happier when I tell them they are connected and everything is O.K. Especially if they have been without the telephone for a little while. Most everybody says the same thing—'We missed it.'

"Well, I hope it keeps up. It means a lot to have a telephone in the house and it means a lot to us fellows who work for the telephone company."



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LETTERS



Blank Cartridges

Gentlemen:

In your October number you have an item telling about the difficulty of keeping Army privates at Fort Meyer, Va. because of their hating to serve on so many firing squads at Arlington. You aren't telling me anything! That's why I left there in September, 1908. I would like to have a penny for every blank cartridge I fired.

JOHN H. DAVIS

Baltimore, Md.

Names

Gentlemen:

I was much interested in your September article on peculiar names found in city directories of the United States. How about names that exist but cannot be found in any directory? My wife's maiden name was Lawthorne. I will pay ten dollars to LIFE or to the first person who can locate this name in either a city or telephone directory in the United States or Great Britain.

H. C. HOLMES

320 Pershing Drive
Oakland, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Referring to your "names" story in the September number, I was extremely sorry to note you could dig up but two Zilches in all these United States, one in Omaha and the other in St. Louis. It is very evident that your research men did not review the pages of the Hartford, Conn. directory for if they did they would find two Zilches appearing therein—myself, and Charles A. Zilch.

GEORGE J. ZILCH

Hartford, Conn.

Patents

Gentlemen:

Will you be good enough to tell me the source of Dr. Farbstein's statement in "Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You" to the effect that there are 20,000 patents in this country today that yield more than \$100,000 a year apiece to their inventors?

H. GEE

Old Greenwich, Conn.

[Dr. Farbstein reports the error, as his. It should have read "—2,000 patents"—Ed.]

Little Duncan

Gentlemen:

I met LIFE for the first time in Canada last year and now want you to book me as one of your keenest readers. I get a lot of fun checking up on Don Herold, and Paul Gallico seems to have a strong American superiority complex and then gets peeved when he makes a bad guess. "Are You Sure?" makes me realize how little I know about the great U.S.A., but I am learning

monthly. Tell Gregor Duncan I used his name for our youngest, born in June. The natives thought I was joking at first, but are now quite used to "Gregor".

G. B. DUNCAN

Are You Sure?

Gentlemen:

Question 46 in the September number gives Florida the longest mainland coastline of any state. But Michigan has a longer coastline, being longer than the whole Pacific mainland coast of the U. S.—unless you make a technical exception that Michigan has only a shoreline and not a coastline.

CHANNING WILLIAMS

Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Question 30, September number, gives the porpoise as not a fish and assumes a shark is a fish. A shark is not a fish, according to modern zoology, but an elasmobranch.

G. T. BRITTON

Kalamazoo, Mich.

[Both Funk & Wagnalls' and Webster's latest editions list the shark as a fish.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

Question 34, September number, claims Los Angeles covers the largest area of any U.S. city. Technically, this is an error, as the city limits of Honolulu do not stop at the seashore but extend over a thousand miles north, including Midway Island. If you do not include Honolulu as a U.S. city I owe you an apology.

PALMER MCCURDY

San Mateo, Calif.

Life

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LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
Gentlemen: Please enter my subscrip-
tion for twelve months

at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50. (Can-
adian and Foreign \$2.10.)

Name _____

Address _____

L-11

**ON SALE THE 20th
OF EVERY MONTH**

Gentlemen:

Question 34 in the October issue credits Charles Cotesworth Pinckney with the authorship of the statement "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." I believe you will find this statement, often erroneously attributed to Pinckney, was actually said by Rep. Harper (S. C.) at a Congressional dinner for John Marshall on his return from France in 1798.

PAUL SNOW

Chevy Chase, Md.

[*Hartlett's Familiar Quotations*, Life's authority, was in error.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

Question 26, August number, should read "hailed into court" not "hailed".

J. P. CROMWELL

Government Hill
Singapore

+

American Scene

Gentlemen:

I thought color reproduction of my painting, "Civic Progress", very fine and true to my original. I feel that I was very well presented. My children did not think the black-and-white sketch of me very flattering, one of them declaring that it looked like the late Huey Long. However, the artist never saw me, and, working from photographs, did very well under the circumstances.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD

Gardenville, N. Y.

+

Editorial

Gentlemen:

Doubtless by extraordinary coincidence, the cartoon entitled "The Black Widow and the Serpent" in your September issue bears a striking resemblance to another cartoon entitled "A Query" in the August 21 issue of *Punch*. Can it be that there is plagiarism about in the offices of England's and America's leading humorous publications? Was this a mere coincidence?

JOSEPH B. BREED, III

Swampscott, Mass.

[Coincidence only. Gregor Duncan's cartoon showing Mussolini's head on a serpent body rearing over a black Selassie spider was drawn and printed two weeks before *Punch's* similar "Sea Serpent and the Giant Gooseberry" cartoon was published.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

Last night I read the editorial "Inevitable Program" by Kyle S. Crichton in the October number and have to tell you how profoundly it impressed me. Crichton's pungent, thorny style is no less admirable than his arrow-straight thinking. The deep truth is that in attributing too much influence to either political party, and to politics generally, the American man only kids himself, wastes his time and distracts himself from the real issue, which is to go on with his job in the face of a changing world. These changes, as Crichton says, overtake us in any event. He who most speedily adapts himself has the jump on other business men. With so much wild talk polishing the world's surface, it is encouraging to find an occasional remark that digs down under.

LEON KELLEY

New York City

Smoke less!
and with **GREATER**
SATISFACTION

VIRGINIA
ROUNDS

CORN TIPPED
OR PLAIN END

Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES

London NEW YORK Montreal



AND WHEN I COME HOME FROM SCHOOL,
MOTHER, I WANT SOME DOLE
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE JUICE.





From the
Kraushaar Galleries

THE AMERICAN SCENE (Number Nine)

+

"The Soda Fountain"
by William J. Glackens

Engraving by Powers
Reproduction Corp.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Item

A SIGN at the city limits of St. Peter, Minn., reads: ST. PETER HAS NATURAL GAS—THE HOME OF FIVE GOVERNORS.

Item

FOR the fourth time in six years, the Texas state prison systems in 1934 recaptured more prisoners than escaped during the year.

Item

THE new United States Supreme Court building, built at a cost of \$11,000,000, contains only one bath tub.

Item

THE director of the Washington, D. C. zoo has sent out a call for East African gumbo mud to prevent the hammerheaded stork from the Kongo from getting bunions by standing around on the hard clay of the District.

Names

LAST month a correspondent in Hawaii gleefully wrote us about a Mrs. Kaleipulalanohaonana-puainiliakawaiolono Kapua of Honolulu who said it would be all right for us to print her name if we included all 12 a's. This month our friend writes us that a son was born recently to a Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lopoilani Kamaka. He was christened Donald K. Kamaka, the K standing for Kauiakamaoanapikipikakaualeikokoulanoiakailiokekai. A translation of this means something like "The beautiful one of the Pacific Ocean is like the red blooded wreath of rain on the surface of the sea." When he grows up he'll probably be called Kauiakamaoanap for short.

Capitol Clean-up

KEEPING the Capitol clean is a job that gets the goats of Chief Janitors Martin of the Senate and Paul of the House. For one thing there's

politics. Chief Janitor Paul has only 12 men and no charwomen, compared to Chief Janitor Martin's 28 men and some charwomen. Janitor Paul has, for years, asked for charwomen, but somehow the District Commissioners never get around to distributing patronage his way.

Anyhow, it's the public that makes the job so hard, through lack of consideration. People come to town and apparently the first thing they do is race up to Capitol Hill and throw ham sandwiches in the corner, break whiskey bottles on the floor, scatter newspapers all around, and climb walls to get souvenirs. (Favorites of the souvenir hunters are pieces of leather from the committee room chairs, name plates from the paintings, bronze scroll work from doors, hands off clocks.)

Several of the janitors have been at the Capitol for 25 years; one for more than 40. On both sides rugs are sprayed over the week-end to keep the moths out, which probably explains why Congress is seldom in session on Saturdays.

The No Man's Land between the House and Senate including the Rotunda and Statuary Hall is in neither janitor's jurisdiction, so the job falls to the Architect of the Capitol. The charwomen get quite fond of the statues. "Why, bless me!" said the one to whom we talked. "If I was to let the nose get chipped off my Frances E. Willard I think I'd die!"

Demon Beer

IT might seem a simple thing to gather up all the beer laws of this country, one state at a time, but no

+ PRAYERS FOR APPROACHING THANKSGIVING +

Democrats

WE'RE grateful for the brains that saved our country from despair.

We're grateful for the optimistic spirit in the air.

We're grateful for the upswing that is mounting near and far.

We're grateful for the guidance of our gifted F. D. R.

He saved our noble nation from the crowd at Broad and Wall

With social legislation for the benefit of *all*.

(We ask no great reward for this, but beg you to remember

The Dutchess County Gentleman a year from this November.)

We're grateful for the progress that was sponsored by our plans,

But most of all we're grateful that we're not Republicans.

Republicans

We're grateful that election time is but a year ahead,

For then the old Red, White and Blue no longer will be Red.

We're grateful for that future chance to save our bleeding land

From Democratic dogma of a bureaucratic brand.

We urge indignant citizens who dwell in constant fear

To grit their teeth and see it thru for just another year.

Because a leader will arise to guide you to your goals

(Just vote beneath the Eagle at the presidential polls).

We're thankful that the time is short, and we throw up our hats

In an attitude of gratitude that we're not Democrats.

The Voters

We busy bees who *never* taste the honey in the hive

Are grateful—and a bit amazed—to find we're still alive.

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

one has yet done this. The largest compendium we know of is one being made by the U. S. Brewers' Association.

No two states agree on rules for serving beer, and some of the laws are dandies. Unless there has been a recent change (and not even the U.S.B.A. can keep up with them all) it is lawful in Iowa to give only these items as a free lunch with beer: (1) pretzels, (2) crackers, (3) cheese. Another Iowa ruling is that you can't drink beer on the street. This works pretty well, but some Iowans kick about not being able to absorb beer in their automobiles.

In Ohio, free lunch is confined to "crisp kiln-dried pretzels, buttered or salted popcorn, or popcorn combinations, or other similar or kindred appetizing morsels." Whoever wrote this must have been merely hungry, however, as the rest of the rules are strict. The free hand-out may be set forth only in "open dish or receptacle."

In Maine you may have beer at a bar (it is really ale), but only if you sit on a stool. Otherwise the bartender will wave you down, because you never

know who might come in. You can also get ale in booths, but if the booth has a curtain you mustn't hide. Massachusetts had a "sit-down" law last year, but people thought it was pretty silly. Ten minutes after it was repealed most of the stools had gone heaven knows where.

Connecticut has all the other nut rules and one which says that any air pumped into beer for the sake of pressure must be "pure air." That stumped the brewers for a while; now they filter it. Booths are allowed if not over 42 inches high.

One of the states most puzzling to U.S.B.A. is Kansas, supposedly bone dry but actually selling a 3.2 brew which most states call beer. Kansas not only forbids beer by law, but has a statute, perhaps overcautious, against giving it away.

Vermont's contribution is the black-list, giving names of habitual drunks and hard-ups, which is handed to tavern keepers. The town of Newton, Mass., by the way, allows a citizen to be drunk twice a year.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Item

THE Piano Tuners Association of America estimates that \$100,000 in lost pennies lies forgotten in the 10,000,000 pianos now in American homes.

Chic. Ocean Denver Edw. Sugar

THE title to this story may look quaintly screwy, but that's just Western Union's way of spelling out the word *codes* over a telephone. Western Union has had a lot of trouble in its lifetime with people phoning in messages and getting them mixed up because their pronunciation was sloppy. That was why, *circa* 1910, the company, after a lot of laboratory tests, installed a uniform code for telephoners, politely asking them to say "A for Adams," "B for Boston", "C for Chicago" and so on.

There was still some confusion by the time the World War was ended, so the company again made changes in its



"Psst! Say, buddy—
want to pick up a nice fur, cheap?"

alphabetical-phonetical list. Chief among these were *Ida* for *Ireland*, *John* for *Jersey*, *New York* for *Newark*, *Thomas* for *Texas*, *Victor* for *Violet*, *William* for *Western*, and *Young* for *Yale*. We found out the reason for some of these substitutions. People were always pronouncing Newark as Nerk and also as New-Ark. Ireland was frequently misunderstood because it was confused with the letter R. Victor was a little sharper and clearer than the softer Violet, even though the men's names on the list already outnumbered the women's six to one. Western Union feels that it should be credited with a bit of restraint for substituting William for Western.

Still further changes were made in 1933 when the company changed its illustrating cards in phone booths from "A for Adams" to "A as in Adams", feeling that this made an important contribution to clarity. However, a great many people use neither form, but say "A like Adams" or "A like in Adams." The company can do nothing about it.

Western Union still maintains a number of telephone offices around the country where message traffic isn't sufficient to justify the installation of telegraph equipment. In such places the clerks telephone all their messages in phonetic code to the main offices. The clerks get efficient as all hell at rattling off the code so if you happen to get in on a two-party line and overhear *Chicago Ocean New York George Robert Adams Thomas Union Lincoln Adams Thomas Ida Ocean New York Sugar* don't get excited. It's only a clerk phoning in the word "congratulations". It's all in a day's *William Ocean Robert King* to Western Union.

HIGHER LEARNING

Item

THE University of Wyoming is offering a four year course in "dude wrangling"—a systematic study of how to entertain paying guests at dude ranches.

Varsity Color

WE'VE been doing some research work in college colors. It's very disheartening. Take the red, yellow, green and blue of Carnegie Institute of Technology—that's a modest combination to weave into a football uniform. Or how about the pink



"You're 'way too loud, Bishop!"

and green of the University of North Carolina or the red, orange and black of Heidelberg College? Great, with dark glasses.

Our statistics show that blue and white is the most popular combination, with about 70 colleges swearing by it until they graduate. Next most popular is orange and blue. Red and white comes next, although red includes such subtle variations as garnet, crimson, vermilion, scarlet and cherry. But what's the difference between frenzies? Somehow, though, it's difficult for us to picture ourselves in a fighting mood over a team clad in garnet and white.

Purple and white and orange and black, those old favorites of high schools, are about equally popular, but green and white and green and gold aren't far behind. Several variations of

the green theme gave us a slight sensation of nausea. Three colleges, it appears, insist upon green and grey, two will have nothing but pink and green, and one will answer only to old rose and olive green.

Some of the combinations indicate quite definitely the section of the United States in which that institution is located. Such, for example, is the apple green and corn yellow of North Dakota Agricultural College, and the copper, silver and gold of the University of Montana. Then, of course, there's the red, white and blue of American University (District of Columbia) and—a julep to you, suh!—the oxford blue and confederate grey of Rice Institute.

SPORTS

Horses

MANUFACTURERS of electric horses are looking pretty hopeful this winter. At any rate,



"I think it's high time we had our annual clearance sale."

there's now a whole fleet of expensive gadgets which do nothing but jounce.

One of the most modern is a mechanical camel. Neat-looking, this affair has a metal back on which is bolted a fancy leather saddle, with reins and stirrups. One we saw had a saddle blanket like a cop's, decorated with stars. There is also a throttle by which the rider goes from low into second and high, making it possible to "experience the actual movement of the camel." This costs less than the Coolidge horse, needs no oiling, and makes no noise.

The horse has much the same saddle arrangement and costs about as much as a real horse, but it is easier to turn off, having a switch beside the equestrian. Also in front is a wheel with twelve speeds, but in order to change gaits the rider dismounts and fiddles with a crank pin. The horse is larger than the camel and in our crude opinion makes too much noise for a small apartment.

Popular this year are various bicycles in which you paddle briskly but get nowhere. One kind has all the mechanism in a box, with a device showing how many miles you've come since breakfast. Another has a speedometer in front. The one we saw read up to 50 miles an hour, not bad for a cycle. There's also a framework for turning an ordinary bike into a gym cycle; this

has a big disk in front showing the speed. Along the bicycle line, by the way, is the "cyclo-cabinet" in which the user (except for his head) is surrounded with 18 electric bulbs, the purpose being to reduce him.

This year there's a demand for walking machines, though the idea is not new. The one we found was a treadmill made of hardwood rollers, walnut finish. You hang on to iron handles, if you want. One type has a pedometer to register the miles, but most people just walk till they're good and tired.

One of the strangest exercises is a double steel ring six feet in diameter. This is run by a person who stands inside the ring, holding on tight and hooping, and is really for back yards. Experts are able to descend stairs. When the wheel is put on rollers it can be used indoors, though this takes an expert, too. The man in charge was not sure what would happen if you were not an expert.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Slang Americana

OUR Foolish contemporary, *Punch*, has been printing some "American Slang" examples again, and we feel it imperative to reprint a few in the hope that someone over here can figure them out.

To start with, there's the sentence: "The brass looie stuck the coffee-cooler with a catstabber." We were baffled, but not Mr. *Punch*; he explains it to mean that the soldier stuck the deserter with a dagger. Another wow is: "'Mitt me, kid,' said the razor-neck when he hung a pin on the sardine." According to a glossary supplied by *Punch*, a razor-neck is a noble and a sardine is a maiden. We still don't get it.

Other words contained in the glossary show how far behind we are with our quaint native tongue. A hobo, says *Punch*, is a "plebeian," a puddle jumper is "a small chariot," and "slam off" means "die."

GREAT MINDS

"I CANNOT comprehend why anyone in the world can misunderstand Italy's legitimate ambitions." —Benito Mussolini.

"It can't be said that all Italians are cultured." —Lawrence Tibbett.

"Big stars do not necessarily make big pictures." —Jack L. Warner.

"Give me \$5,000,000,000 and I will elect a Chinaman President." —Gen. Smedley Butler.

"Sex is very important—I, personally, would be very sorry to see it abolished." —Alexander Korda.

"There is never a bad season for a good play." —Daniel Frohman.

"Now I'm on the outside looking in and I'm going to stay there. I've had my fling." —Max Baer.

"I think this is a very good moment for all women everywhere to be thinking about war." —Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt.

"For myself, I know everything will come out all right." —Henry Ford.

"I consider it my duty to discuss the lousy aspects of this Administration." —Gen. Hugh S. Johnson.

SIX OF A KIND



IN the fall of 1937 a young physician named Alexander Hobbs of Dry Creek, Wash., examined an X-ray film he had caused to be made of a patient, promptly took two

aspirin tablets and went to bed.

The following morning he arose, re-examined the X-ray, poured himself a stiff drink, and hurried over to the office of an elderly practitioner.

"If you see what I think I see there, doctor," he said, "there is going to be the hell to pay around here."

At 8 o'clock that night sixteen eminent medical authorities, called from neighboring communities, were agreed that the patient, Mrs. Mary Casey, could, within a fortnight, expect sextuplets. In view of the magnitude of the discovery, it was decided to notify the press at once.

William Little, who covered Dry Creek High School football and basketball games for Spokane papers, got the first crack at the story. His lead to the sporting editor of the *Spokane Blade* read:

"DRY CREEK, Aug. 27—Considerable excitement was caused here tonight by the announcement of Dr. Alexander Hobbs and other distinguished medical authorities that Mrs. Mary Casey, wife of John Casey, who used to run a potato farm near here but who has lately been working on the county roads and is a well-known Democrat and a former precinct committee chairman, is expecting sextuplets in two weeks."

Ten minutes after this momentous news had reached the *Blade* office, the Consolidated Press sent out the following bulletin:

"BULLETIN. The *Spokane Blade* will say tomorrow in a copyrighted story that it has learned on good authority that physicians attending Mrs. Mary Casey, socially-prominent Dry Creek matron, announced tonight she will deliver sextuplets within a fortnight."

It was a notable beat for the Consolidated Press and its member papers. The *New York Telegram*, just going in with its Final, pulled back Page One for a quick replate, and was the first to reach the street, beating its nearest competitor by a good seven and a half minutes. Joseph Klein, circulation

manager, told *Editor and Publisher* the next day that street sales on the extra had run well over 210,000 copies.

The Affiliated Press, groggy but determined to recover by a brilliant second-day cleanup, at once hired Nina Wilcox Putnam, Fannie Hurst, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kathleen Norris, Edna Ferber and Pearl Buck, ordering them to Dry Creek by plane. In the confusion and through an oversight someone also retained Amelia Earhart who went to the coast and spent seven weeks at \$750 a week alternately landing and taking off from the Dry Creek airport.

None of the special writers was further west than Butte, Mont., at filing time the next day, but all filed stories to Affiliated Press beginning:

"DRY CREEK, Aug. 28—Brave little Mary Casey. . . ."

It was left to National News to scoop the world with an exclusive interview with the expectant mother and photographs of her (1) knitting on tiny garments, (2) looking at a calendar, (3) shaking hands with Dr. Hobbs and (4) wiping her husband's furrowed brow, which made a peach of a comic picture and was widely reproduced.

In the interview, which was copyrighted in all countries including the Scandinavian, Mary Casey was quoted as saying that what must be must be, she guessed. It made sensational reading.

CANADIAN papers either ignored the story or played it down. The *Toronto Herald* came out in a Page One editorial deploring the fact that it HAD to happen on the eve of the opening of the

Canadian World Exposition. The Dionne quintuplets, who were expected to draw heavily, were scheduled to appear at the exposition twice daily in a simple tap dance and in a group recitation of Mary's Little Lamb.

The *London Times* telephoned long distance the third day, asking:

"Is it true, Mrs. Casey, that you go about always armed against attacks by hostile Indians?"

Dr. Hobbs, of course, was not overlooked. He was signed up by Pan-American Features to do a daily health hints column, and his first effort, *The Sluggish Colon*, was prominently displayed in 52 papers. "Magnificent!" editors wrote in to Pan-American Features. "As a circulation-getter, Dr. Hobbs is tops!"

An appetent public was spared no detail of plans for the coming confinement. The floor plan of the Dry Creek's General Hospital maternity ward was



"I'll race you through a Eugene."



sketched, the delivery room and Mary Casey's own private room being carefully identified by large black crosses, and the probable course of John Casey's pacing in the corridor outside marked by a heavy dotted line.

"I learn on excellent authority," said a writer for Associated News after talking with the dietitian, "that Mary Casey will get a baked potato, roast beef, a molded fruit salad, milk, and rice pudding for her first meal after IT happens."

As the fatal day drew near, there was a noticeable apathy toward the current presidential campaign and a rekindled interest in things Irish. Publishers re-issued Irish songs by the thousands, Irish patriotic societies paraded in some of the larger cities and a New York drug store chain invented the Casey sandwich, an enormous six-layer affair (pimento cheese, ham, tomatoes, peanut butter, honey and chopped almonds).

AT 7 p.m. on the night of September 10, fourteen days almost to the hour, telegraph editors throughout the United States were electrified by the terse announcement:

"BULLETIN. John Casey just left his home with Mary Casey, preceded by a motorcycle escort. It is believed their destination is the Dry Creek General Hospital but official confirmation is lacking."

This was followed in sixteen minutes by another:

"FLASH. Mrs. Casey just admitted to the Dry Creek General Hospital."

Radio News beat the world on the birth of the first of the Casey sextuplets through an arrangement with one of the nurses who was to raise a shade, half way for a girl, all the way for a boy.

At 8:12:16 p.m. the Consolidated Broadcasting System cut into the national broadcast of President Roosevelt's Boston address just as the president was saying: "My friends, this beautiful state of Massachusetts and my good friend, your governor . . ." with a news bulletin:

"The first of the Casey sextuplets was born at Dry Creek, Wash., tonight at 8:10 o'clock and it was a boy."

Francis Asbury in his book, *Why I Got The Hell Out Of The Newspaper Game*, published two years later, recalls the awful confusion that night in the waiting room of the Dry Creek hospital.

"Half a hundred of us milled about with John Casey, studied his reactions, studied our own reactions, studied the old magazines on the table, and rushed out *en masse* with each new scrap of information from the delivery room. The state armory across the street was a madhouse as weary, irritable journalists, worn by their two weeks' vigil, began pounding out Mary Casey's personal stories, 'By Mary Casey'.

"I remember one noted editor sitting there, a paragraph something like this in his typewriter: 'Remarkable as was Mary Casey's contribution to the manpower of her country tonight, it is well to remember that a single fast plane, flying here in a few hours from London, Paris or Tokyo, could wipe out her small brood with one well-placed bomb. THAT gives us something to think about!'"

There were not a few newspaper readers within the following months who, as story pyramided upon story and as photograph followed upon photograph, secretly hoped that a fast plane, flying in a few hours from London, Paris or Tokyo, would drop a well-placed bomb, if not actually wiping out the Casey brood, at least severing all

telegraph connections with Dry Creek, Wash.

THE Communists demonstrated against Mother Love in Union Square, New York City, that winter and, although contemporary commentators placed no special significance on the event, it appears now in light of later developments to have been only the left-wing manifestation of a sentiment which was slowly gripping the entire country.

In January a man in Kansas City who said "I see that one of the Casey sextuplets has six teeth now" was roughly handled by a mob, and in February Wallace Eddy, far-seeing publisher of the Boston *Union*, announced his paper would print no more news from Dry Creek, Wash. His circulation jumped 42,000 the next day.

So the American newspaper public went back to reading the comic strips and working crossword puzzles and when, in June of 1938, Mrs. Joseph Correlli of Atlantic City presented her husband with septuplets, the story made Page 14 nearly everywhere.

—DOUG WELCH

+

THE ACCORDION GIRL

GETTING rid of him was much simpler than I thought 'twould be; But now it's harder than I dreamed, To get him to come back to me!

—SIS WILLNER



"Mother said to buck up or go to bed."

I'M FINE, THANK YOU

HELLO there, Johnny! (So that's what you say when you meet him? Hello there, just as if your knees weren't made of water. Take that silly grin off your face. Say something bright and brittle. Don't stand there like a fool. Be a good little sport; you always were, worse luck.)

I'm fine, thank you. (I'm dead, you four-eyed so and so. How did you expect me to be after you walked out on me? You didn't even leave me the anesthesia of pride. Just walked out. You didn't "love me any more." I could have had you up before a jury on some nice little crime like murder. That's how it felt. How am I? You always were a scream! I'm fine. I can crawl around now and lick my wounds.)

How are you? (I hope you're sick, God-awful sick. I hope you haven't got a cent to your name. I hope Doris put ground glass in these cocktails. But you look fine, Johnny. You feel fine? Well, isn't that just grand? You wouldn't feel fine if I had my way. Ever hear of a bamboo shoot growing in the shoulder? It's just a little barb that grows and spreads until you want to die but can't. I've murdered you a thousand

times, Johnny, when I couldn't go to sleep at night. That damned wet pillow! I had you hurtling over cliffs and breaking your sweet neck. I've had you falling out of planes. I've killed you at sea and on land. It's all twisted inside of me, the love and the hate.)

It is a good party. Doris always gives good parties. (Johnny, my sweet. Remember when we used to go to parties? Remember the gay years? Those cock-eyed young years? The kitchen late at night? You could scramble perfectly beautiful eggs, darling. And you carried me up the stairs. Yes, you did. There were sixteen of them. What am I talking about? You never really cared, did you?)

Oh, I go out now and then, Johnny. Good for my circulatory system. But you aren't half as surprised to see me as I am to see you. I thought you were living in the country. One of those Connecticut places with a whimsical name that grow phlox and drunks in the gardens. (There, you fool. Where's your pride? You're being catty and letting him know you keep tabs on him. You've done it again, Eve, my girl. Oh well, who does he think he is anyway?

Where does he think they keep old wives? In the rag bag? Old wives for sale; fresh old wives for sale! Here I am Johnny. Right next to you. We used to be the charming Pennalls and now we're strays, stuck in a corner of a smoke-filled room trying to shout at each other over the radio. You know I have gravel in my left knee and I know you talk in your sleep—that's what's left of our marriage.)

There isn't much to tell, Johnny. I work. I play. I sleep. (Wouldn't you be surprised, Johnny, to know what I've been doing? Innocent little Eve has taken, as they say, to drink—strong drink. She drinks like a fish. I never saw a fish drink like I do. I get cock-eyed. That's the only thing left to do. Drink until your mind is so blurred you can't remember a man with blue black hair and a sweet grin on his ugly mug. And men, Johnny! You'd be surprised. Maybe you'd be shocked. You always said I was so *spirituelle*. Hah! That's a good one. But they're just props-dummies. They're all named Johnny. I gave one of them a pair of your old bedroom slippers. Red ones. They helped. Lord, how they helped.)

STILL with Morton and Lord? (Don't answer. I know you are. I've had my hand on the telephone receiver hundreds of times to call you up, to hear your voice. The way you say "Hello" on that rising note. Do you call her up at four every afternoon, Johnny?)

Too bad Elise isn't with you. (There! You've said the snake's name. Elise, the serpent. But you're trying to be a good little sport about her. Fool yourself. Fool Johnny. Fool all these dumb clucks into thinking you don't give a damn that she walked off with your husband. Women were fools when they started being good little sports. Women in other times knew better. They whined and fainted and called in the relatives to bring dear John to his senses. Smart gals. They kept their husbands even when they didn't keep their figures.)

I am sorry! It's this weather. It's beastly. (So she has a cold? That's the nicest thing you've said to me, darling. Maybe it will develop into something more serious. Oh, what a beast I am! Eve, you cad! I really wish the best of everything to your little bride, Johnny. Let's drink to her. Here's to her! Hyoscine, bichloride, and nicotine!)



"His mother was frightened by a horse."

Thank you, but I really shouldn't. Well, just one more. (I save my heavy drinking for later. You get potted that way. Just me and dear old Bourbon. Ah, Johnny, don't leave yet. Wait a minute. I'm going to scintillate. I'm going to say all those things I've thought of saying when I watched the raw dawns of those damned useless days.)

I'm sorry you're leaving so soon. Send my regards to Elise. (Sorry? I'm sick. I'm desolate. Stand before me, Johnny. It's nice to feel alive again.)

I know that you want to get going. It really is rather stupid. I'm going in a few minutes. (Oh God! That's all I needed to know. You want to hurry home to her. Does she use jasmine perfume? Does she wear a peach negligee? Will you kiss her temples? What a nice night I'll have imagining it all. Don't you ever call her "Eve"? Isn't there any part of me left with you? There must be. I've lost a part of me and I can't find it. It's with you, Johnny.)

Good-bye! (All right, go home to your ittsy-bittsy bride. Kick her in the shins for me. Johnny, Johnny, can't you hear me? You're walking away! Don't! Come home with me. I'll be gay. I'll make you forget Elise. Please. I love you, Johnny. I'll always love you, damn it.)

—MILDRED DOHERTY

UP FOR THE LIMIT

WELL, I see where they've captured Joe Blivis, and he's confessed to the Higgins kidnapping, and admits he did it single-handed. As I understand it, under Federal statute he is certain to get the death penalty. No, wait a minute; he gets the death penalty only if he took the kid across a state line. Otherwise all he can get, under the laws of that state, is life imprisonment. That's what I call getting off easy in his case, the rat!

... I just saw the papers, and it seems that he can't get life imprison-

ment because he didn't harm the child. He gave him back O.K.. The most they can give him is forty years. Well, that will keep him out of mischief plenty long. It's a mighty good thing too. Of course I think there's something about getting a lighter sentence in that state if you don't ask for more than \$25,000 ransom which Blivis didn't. Come to think of it, the most he can get is thirty years. That's still plenty, though.

Oh yes. I just happened to remember. He confessed, and when you confess, you get a lighter sentence—say twenty years in this case. However, that will still make Blivis plenty old to do any more active kidnapping when he gets out. Of course a twenty-year sentence means he gets paroled at the

end of seven years if he behaves well, and they say he always behaved well after those other kidnappings when they had him in jail. The guards say he was a perfect peach.

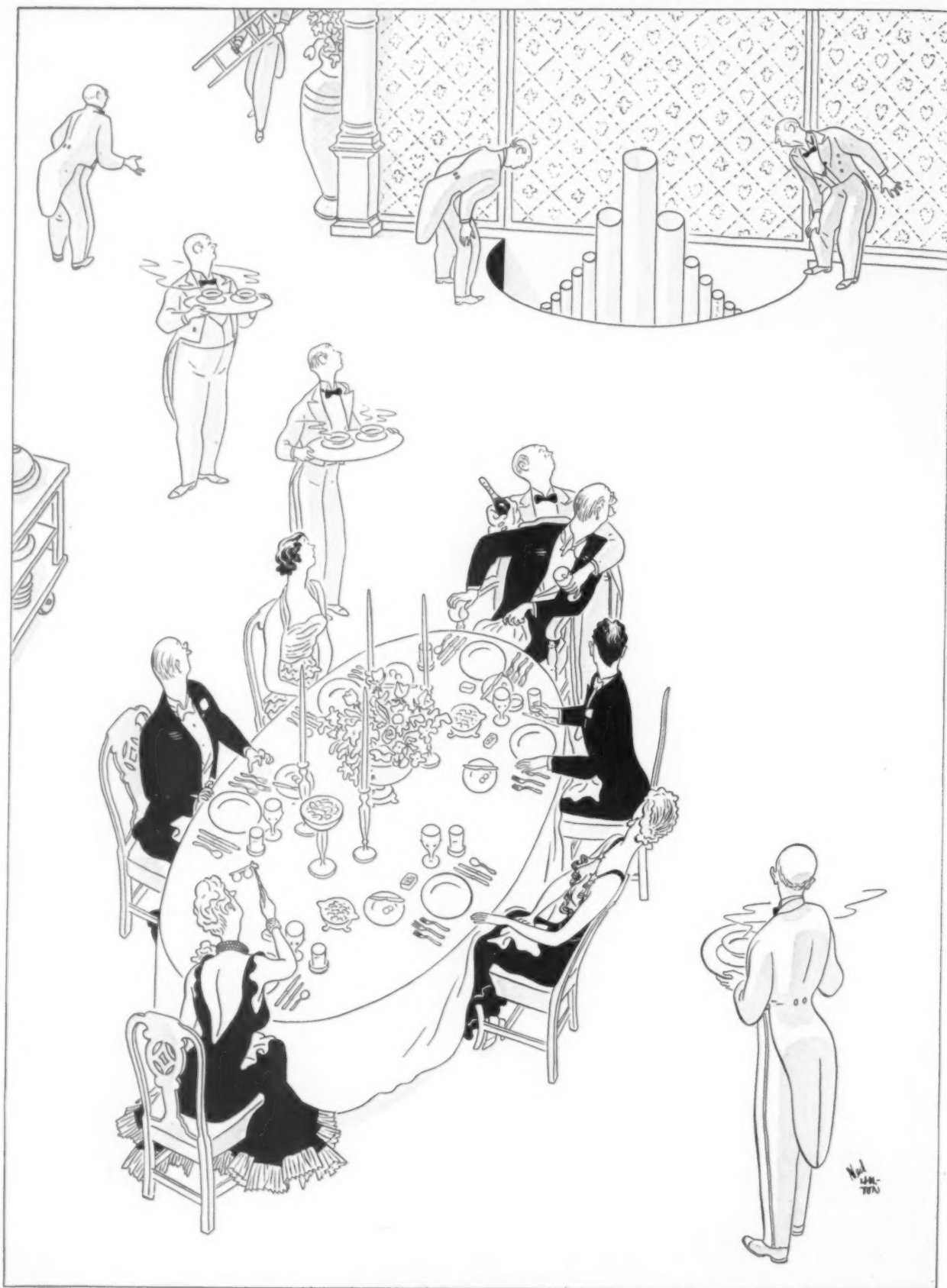
... I just happened to remember that Blivis didn't use the U. S. mails to send his ransom notes, so of course that cuts down his maximum sentence to eight years which means he can be paroled after two years. Oh yes, and he didn't have any weapons in his possession which means—say, what right did they have to arrest that fellow anyhow?

—PARKE CUMMINGS

Americans have no consideration for one another, says an English writer. Evidently he's never watched a couple of our heavyweights fighting.



"We planned this weeks ago."



CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

Mr. Wurlitzer's mighty console fails to rise

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"You're crowding them again, Bomberger. Remember, they're supposed to be one hundred and seventeen feet apart."

HOW THEY MAKE IT

HE had taken it up with the proper official. And the proper official had laid it on the table and taken the afternoon off. The chief clerk came in and opened the window, and what we are talking about fell to the floor.

The next morning the proper official asked the chief clerk what he had done with it. The C. C. didn't remember seeing it, but made a note of it.

A few days later the first fellow we mentioned came back. The C. C. couldn't find it and told him he was sorry. It showed up the next day and a summer clerk filed it permanently under finished business.

Saturday he was going on a vacation and called the C. C. on the phone. The C. C. wasn't in so he said: Aw hell.

Near the end of the month, one of the lesser clerks of long-standing found it and took it over to the file clerk. Diffidently they approached the C. C. on the subject and inquired: How come? What the C. C. said has been deleted from the record, but he handed the file back, marked it bring-out-in-ten-days and put it in abeyance.

The clerk who handled the abeyance was off with an attack of rheumatism and the office boy inadvertently carried it to the filing clerk. When the abeyance clerk returned he was out-of-sorts so it had to wait.

In the meantime the man we mentioned in the beginning had gone to his lawyer in the building next door and his lawyer had written the proper official and cited the law. The C. C. answered the buzzer and said he'd get it. The file clerk had gone down the hall so the C. C. pulled down a bunch of papers on top of a cabinet and there it was.

He took it in to the proper official who rubbed his chin, looked it over, and said that would be all. The proper official picked up the phone and the line was out. He buzzed for his technical assistant and he was out. He went to the door, opened it and he was out.

Then one of the travelling auditors came down the fire-escape and found it had blown out the window. He put it in his pocket and dropped it in the mail-box on the corner.

The Postmaster sent it back to the man we first mentioned, marked: Returned for Postage.

The next day was Saturday and he couldn't do anything Sunday. But Monday he called up his lawyer and asked him: How about it? His lawyer had been pretty busy and said he'd jack 'em up.

Now when the proper official returned he missed it and tore his hair. The best office stenog cried but it couldn't be found. Everybody was ques-

tioned except the office boy who had taken the afternoon off and he said he hadn't seen it.

For the next few days the office force didn't speak above a whisper and even then they didn't answer each other. It was gradually being dismissed when the phone rang. The C. C. said: Just a minute. The proper official told the lawyer that he was sorry but all those things took time. He asked the C. C. to make a note of it and stalled off the lawyer in the building next door by saying he'd take it up with the comptroller when he returned from his vacation.

THAT afternoon the proper official wrote the man we first mentioned to meet him the next day at ten. He arrived five minutes ahead of time and was seated at the same table where it had first been laid. The proper official picked up the phone and the comptroller said he was busy but he'd send a man right down. The man he mentioned had gone out to wash his hands and never went down.

So the C. C. made an appointment with the general manager. G. M.'s are always hard men to see. And sometimes after you've seen them they're just as hard. The office boy asked his name and the buffer said he'd never heard of it. Anyway, the G. M. had gone on a second honeymoon and he was told to



"He must have been locked in here all night."

come back in six weeks. The G. M. came back but not very strong. The C. C. got tired of seeing it in the file so he mentioned it to the proper official who rubbed the back of his neck and said to wait.

Not long after that the man we first mentioned got married, too, and his wife heard about it at a card-party and called him a softie and a sap. That p.m. he called up his lawyer who said: Come over to my office tonight.

A two-inch pipe was installed directly from the proper official's office to a vacant room next to the lawyer's office. In this room they connected three large suction pumps to the pipe. They pumped it out of the pipe into large tanks. From there it went through a cooling system out onto large rollers covered with soft soap. Sharp knives split it a hundred ways and it was rolled onto a hundred large spools. As the spools were filled they were carefully packed, and for a number of years the man we

mentioned in the first place furnished Washington and other points of interest with that patch on the pants of Progress, so often referred to as Red Tape.

—FOREST HOLMES

LIFE LINES

A VERMONT house over 200 years old is being taken apart and transported to Michigan bit by bit. This is similar to the system the movers employ with our furniture.

What a game it would be if the players on the football field were half as tough as the people who usually have our seats.

A Maryland man, according to a news story, disappeared for two weeks and turned up in Hollywood, his mind a blank. The dispatch does not state in what picture he was playing.

A CALL TO THE COLORS

FOR years they've been trying to win us males

Away from conventional tux and tails: From blue serge suits of conservative stripe

To clothes of a much more colorful type.

They woo our reason with guileful words:

They tell us to look at the males of birds—

How brilliant the plumage of Papa Tanager,

Compared to his better half and manager!

How jealous the eyes on the peahen's tail

When she looks at the hues of the lordly male!

More color, in short, in the clothes that array us,

According to fashion designers, would pay us.

But show me the man who would care to be seen

Dead in a cutaway emerald-green;

And many's the male who would shudder and shrink

From going to parties appareled in pink;

In vain would you search at the Coconut Grove

For a gentleman dancing in something in mauve.

"Why, Butch, in that model you're simply divine!"

No, thank you; no talk of that nature for mine.

I'll stick to my patterns of decorous brown,

And grey for the country and blue for the town.

One sop will I throw, in the garments I wear:

What's next to my skin is my private affair,

So lurid and loud are my nethermost clothes,

And any remarks get a punch in the nose.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

If the government's deficit persists the President can soon start his radio talks with "Fellow Deficitizens!"

Still, this country must be in pretty good shape or the Republicans wouldn't be trying so hard to get it back.

OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES—X

"SPECTACULARS"



STROLL down the east side of Broadway between 47th and 43rd streets some day along about noon, and listen to the conversation of the crowd. If you hit it right, you'll suddenly sense a perceptible change in the voices about you, and there will be a general stretching and craning of necks. On the roof across the way, at 46th street, you'll see the cause of this: the Schaefer Beer Man-On-The-Flying-Trapeze beginning his daily swing through space. For 13 hours, until a small clock automatically wipes him from the sky, this daring young man of luminous tubing, some 16 feet tall, flies through the air with the greatest of ease, with never a slip, never a false move.

If you were asked to explain what it is that makes a crowd stare at an electric display on a roof-top, and continue to stare unceasingly at the automatic repetition, you'd probably be at a complete loss. And so would the men who build them. All they know is that the signs are good advertising.

In the trade they are fittingly called "spectaculars" and they are but a small part of a great industry. Well known is General Outdoor, which was the result of a merger in 1925 of 24 large plants. There are, besides, such important companies as Foster and Kleiser, Walker, Packer, R. C. Maxwell, John Donnelly, United Advertising, each with its sphere of influence, and some 1200 smaller plants scattered throughout the country, each doing its bit to instill the buying urge in those who pass by the wayside. All these are served by Outdoor Advertising Incorporated, a national selling agency and, in addition, there are more than 50 trade associations "all working for the common good."

The first notable spectacular was a Heinz advertisement, set on the side of a New York hotel. Quite brazenly it flashed across Madison Square at Dewey Arch—and the reaction was terrific. Here's what a magazine article of June, 1900, entitled "Advertising Run Mad," had to say about it.

"The sculpture and the lines of the Arch stand out against and are contrasted with what is probably the most offensive advertisement that now challenges our brickbats. In the daytime the thirty-foot cucumber, in bright green on an orange background above a field of scarlet, is incapable of description in words printable here. In the evening the dancing flash-lights of the '57' varieties of beans, pickles, etc., thrown in the faces of all who throng Madison Square—the real center of life and art in New York—are unimaginable except in a nightmare. . . . Let crass business men beware; public taste improves!"

After Heinz came the deluge and it was by no means localized. Citizens of pre-war San Francisco, for instance, can still remember the Rice Leaders sign that faced the Palace Hotel; and Cincinnati still has its old landmark: the May Stern's American Flag. But it was New York that bore the brunt of the attack; and as the years passed, the city became bathed in an ever-increasing glow. The King of Siam, who visited New York before the war, was taken sightseeing and, on arriving in

Times Square, would go no further, but stood there gazing in silent amazement at the electrical displays. Finally he pointed to the Anheuser-Busch eagle, which flapped its wings brightly on the roof of the Hermitage Hotel, and said calmly that he would have one like it. Have one? But yes! For his capital, for Bangkok! And so it was done. The O. J. Gude Company built another beer eagle and shipped it to Siam where, for all we know, it still may be flying bravely—a bright anachronism on Bangkok's skyline.

WE have nothing, really, to equal in novelty some of the signs that were established on New York roof-tops during the fifteen-odd years that carried through to the end of the war. There was the Cliquot Club display on the Putnam Building—where the Paramount now stands—with its grinning little Eskimos drawing a ginger ale-laden sleigh swiftly over the snow, while overhead the northern lights blazed down on a temperate New York. And there was the Rice Leaders Chariot Race on the roof of the Hotel Normandy—"largest sign ever operated"—that gave the effect of a great Roman arena, with crowds cheering, chariots speeding around corners, horses churning up clouds of dust, jewelled trappings—everything except Nero and his fiddle.

Then, too, there was the famous Wrigley sign which displaced Cliquot Club and held its place until 1924 as "the world's largest." It, too, had everything: two great peacocks, each with



"We like it well enough, Tyson, but frankly, we're afraid to handle it."



"Please stop, Spencer! You'll be too tired to tramp through the heather and the bracken and the gorse of rural England!"

tails 60-feet long; an electric fountain that shot colored light 34 feet into the air; and six little "Spearmint kids" performing magnificent acrobatic feats. The present "world's largest" is the Chevrolet sign in Chicago, which does nothing more than tell time.

But despite these lavish displays, perhaps the most fondly remembered sign of all time was the Corticelli sign at 42nd and Broadway. People who saw it still happily recall the frolicking little kitten that gaily chased a spool of thread. And fortunate indeed were those who were out in the streets the night something went wrong with the mechanism, and the spool suddenly turned around and started chasing the kitten.

SINCE 1920, this business of spectaculars has received tremendous impetus from the general introduction of luminous tubing, the so-called Neon signs. The low cost and durability of the tubing has allowed spectaculars to spread with amazing thoroughness; ours has become a coun-

try of glowing roof-tops. The experienced American wanderer need never be told what city he has entered; he need only look up and, if he knows his signs, immediately orient himself. For 20 years or more a Sherwin-Williams "Cover-the-Earth" sign, and a huge, glowing Heinz "57" have welcomed travellers crossing San Francisco Bay. The Texan knows he is approaching Dallas when he spies the luminous Socony-Vacuum "Pegasus" circling wearily above the city. A Hiram Walker whiskey sign, on the Canadian side of the river, has been a Detroit landmark since 1900. Travellers at sea may recognize Miami not so much by an instinctive sense of beauty, as Floridans might claim, as by a large Sherwin-Williams sign overlooking Biscayne Bay. Chicagoans have become stoically accustomed to the Old Dutch Cleanser girl who, high above, symbolically shakes her dirt-chasing stick at them, every night. And in Atlantic City, gracefully, eternally, Kool Cigarette pen-guins ski along the skyline. Our land has broken out in a red, luminous rash;

our cities are of light, and by their signs shall ye know them.

There are, naturally, definite determining factors in the cost of one of these advertising behemoths: size; location; circulation (the industry has its own Traffic Audit Bureau which scientifically determines effective circulation); quality of circulation; angle of approach; visibility. The price ranges from about \$2000 to \$8000 a month, which includes everything, design, construction, maintenance. The Chevrolet sign in New York City's Longacre Square is top price; the Wrigley sign below it is about \$1000 less.

The three months that it takes to construct a spectacular, to carry it to the roof in sections and bolt it to the steel structure, lead up to a most momentous occasion: the Premiere. As an example: on the night of April 2, 1935, Mr. R. F. Schaefer, president of Schaefer Brewing Company, presided at a dinner at the Motion Picture Club of New York. At the close of the meal, Mr. Schaefer rose and delivered a moving, stirring speech; and then impressively leaned forward and touched a button. His guests, gazing out the windows, gasped in naïve astonishment; for there, high above Broadway, a darling young man of Neon suddenly came to life and floated softly through the air, admonishing the gaping crowds below not to miss Schaefer's.

THE prestige accruing from a large spectacular in a choice location in a large city is no mean factor. At least so national advertisers believe, and they pay well to support their conviction. The best examples, of course, are those three signs that form a vertical row at the head of Longacre Square in New York. Standing at what is whimsically known as "the cross-roads of the world," they are the most famous signs extant, as well known in Moscow and Port Said as they are in Keokuk or Peoria. More than the theatres and the night clubs, more than the flea circuses and orange-drink stands and come-on joints, more than Winchell himself, they signify Broadway. —S. A. TANNENBAUM.

In the Italo-pian affair we understand that the United States will stand firm on her fundamental principles, as soon as it can be determined what they are,

NEW YORK TO HAVANA

MRS. BARTRAM was the motherly type, and when the Smiths appeared at our table the second day out from New York she immediately took them under her wing. I was much relieved, for she'd already begun to show alarming symptoms of mothering me and I had no desire to be the object of her enthusiastic attentions.

The Smiths were rather a nondescript pair. He was thin, thirty-ish, and wore spectacles. She was pretty, but a bit on the plump side. "It's their honeymoon, I think," Mrs. Bartram told me in a confidential whisper. "All her clothes are brand new, and have you noticed how devoted they are to each other? They're not like most of the young people on this boat, either. Not noisy; so quiet and refined."

Mrs. Bartram soon had the other passengers interested in "her young couple." It was amusing to see how the presence of the Smiths pepped up the atmosphere. The ship reeked mellowly of romance. Waves of sympathetic sighs followed in their wake when they walked arm in arm on the deck. And dowagers stopped in the middle of a hand to twitter fondly, "Here come the honeymooners!" when they entered the card room.

Our table became a regular bower of sweetness and light. Mrs. Wilkins, who was so absorbed in crocheting a dress



that she brought it to meals with her, dropped stitches while she cast melting eyes upon the Smiths. Miss Proctor murmured: "Isn't it providential that we're having such a lovely moon?" And even Mr. Fillmore, who was the playboy of the boat and spent most of his time in the bar, felt the softening influence. "There's nothing like married life," he told us huskily. "I've been married

ten years myself. Sweet girl, my wife. She's never been a well girl, though. She's had her tonsils out, and her adenoids and her appendix. And now they think she has a tumor. It's been just one damn operation after another. But she's a sweet wife, yes sir!"

The only one who didn't seem to get into the spirit of the thing was a salesman named Quigley, a morose hulk with a nasty laugh. Nobody liked him. When the ladies burred romantically he would emit cynical snorts. And once when Mrs. Bartram was holding forth, he uttered an audible "Nerts!" Naturally, he was ostracized. The Smiths left the boat at Havana. Mr. Smith said they intended to spend several weeks there. Mrs. Bartram said she really was going to miss them terribly. She'd never known a nicer couple. "You know what I did?" she confessed to me, "I bought them a present! A mother of pearl ash tray I saw at the cigarette counter. It had a painting of

the prow of a boat on it, and a young couple holding hands in the moonlight. Underneath was written: 'All the world loves a lover.' Only a dollar, and so appropriate!"

ALTHOUGH our table lost caste when they left, I personally was glad when the Smiths got off at Havana amidst a chorus of good lucks and waving of handkerchiefs. I was thoroughly fed up with the gooey web of romance woven by the worthy ladies on the boat. That night I came down to dinner feeling quite gay and carefree. Mr. Quigley passed me on the stairs, and he too looked happy. In fact, he seemed to be enjoying some huge private joke.

The other ladies were already seated at the table, and the whole group appeared to have been struck by lightning. Mrs. Bartram's bovine face was fiery red, Mrs. Wilkins' crocheting was lying crumpled on the floor, and Miss Proctor was using smelling salts. "What on earth is the matter?" I inquired.

Three pairs of eyes turned mournfully upon me. With an effort Mrs. Bartram pulled herself together. "The most terrible thing," she croaked hoarsely, "Mr. Quigley has just told us. They weren't married at all! Mr. Quigley knows him—he's an insurance man and he has a wife in Chicago! And to think I bought them an ash tray!"

—MARGE.

Amateurs are getting so many breaks in radio that ambitious artists want to start at the bottom and stay there.





THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE new theatrical season started off with a bang, like the collision of a couple of garbage carts. *Imprimis*, we got something called *Smile At Me* and, *secundo*, something called *Moon Over Mulberry Street*. The former was one of those revues in which the scenery successively resembles a back-yard in Cranford, New Jersey, or the maple trees in front of the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company's store in Lewiston, Pa., and in which somebody or other then comes on and sings an acutely relevant lyric about the South Sea Islands, "Fiesta in Madrid", or Calcutta. It was, in other words, our late lamented old whisker, the "travelogue" revue, beginning with the musical number announcing that we were going to be escorted "Here and There" and then showing us various backdrops purporting to be Spain, the Mississippi River, Paree, India, South Africa, Honduras, Greece, etc.

What occurs before these different backdrops, aside from a yodeling of the kind of lyrics noted above, seldom varies. Pretty generally you will find that Greece (the scene being the Acropolis) seems to be inhabited wholly by Broadway hoofers, that the speech of the Andalusians in Spain sounds uncommonly like that of Lou Holtz, and that the Canadian North Woods are peopled largely by men and women who spend the major portion of their lives acting dirty blackout sketches. Then, of course, there are the dance numbers.

These dance numbers customarily have even less variety than the lyrics, melodies and other elements in the exhibit. There is certain to be a dusky Harlem wench for the Mississippi, India and South Sea Island scenes who will violently agitate her rear in the first two episodes and even more ecstatically wobble her goona-goona in the third. Somewhere in the show there will come a terpsichorean "fantasy", known as "The Moth and the Flame", "The Kiss of Death" or "The Birth of Passion", in which a Russian gent in a gilt loin cloth and with calves the size of watermelons wrestles for ten minutes with a semi-nude hussy, at the end of which time he grabs her around the

waist, strains her lasciviously to his lips, and makes her swoon—but not before she has covertly removed a couple of hair-pins and allowed her hair to tumble down and further made certain, with a quick side-glance, that when she falls she won't land in the footlights. Also, we are sure to get, particularly in such scenes as represent Abyssinia or West Point, a trick clog or two. If the producer's suckers have enough money to spend, there will in all probability also be "At the Ballet", its elaborateness depending upon the amount of the aforesaid sucker money. It will thus be either a large chorus number with the girls in tarleton and the postures a combination of Degas and Ned Wayburn or—if there is only about a hundred dollars or so available—a duo number which differs from "The Moth and the Flame" and "The Kiss of Death" wham only in that it doesn't wind up with the lethal gum-suck but finds the woman partner still on her legs and coyly throwing a kiss to the audience.

SMILE At Me adhered in general so close to the established formula that the reviewers had only to call up their newspaper offices, tell the office-boys to dig back into the files for their reviews of any such shows in the period between 1910 and 1918, simply change the name of the shows to *Smile At Me*, send the copy up to the press rooms, and telephone their best girls to join them immediately at Jack and Charlie's.

MOON Over Mulberry Street, the second offering of the season, was the offspring of one Nicholas Cosentino, divulged in the back of the program to be a Salvini in what the program whimsically alluded to as the "well-known Schoentag Theatre summer stock company in the Catskill mountains, near Saugerties." Mr. Cosentino's berry was an amalgam of local Italian folk play and Sam Shipman. The

folk part of the play consisted in jokes about garlic and spaghetti and the Shipman part in the love of the son of the wop household for a high-toned girl who lived on Park Avenue. This amour brought much misgiving to his lowly but proud Mulberry Street family, who would rather have seen their Fillipo stick to sweet little Nina Baccolini, one of his own set. But in the end all turned out beautifully, as the high-toned Park Avenue girl realized with a shudder that East Side is East Side and West Side is West and never the twain shall meet and returned to Park Avenue, the while son Fillipo—to the hozannas of all Mulberry Street—took unto himself as spouse the little wopess. In other words, a *mal di testa*.

The acting was even worse than the play, with most of the actors making more noise than Congressman William I. Sirovitch. Speaking of that noble thinker, I observe that, in a recent interview in the *Herald Tribune* on his projected Federal Department of Science, Art, Drama and Literature, he says that one of the things wrong with the present drama is the shortage in competent play doctors and that what is needed are more such doctors who—

I quote the eminent authority—"will doctor up each play like George Jean Nathan does for O'Neill." This, of course, is libelous nonsense and, furthermore, extremely obnoxious to me. I do not doctor up Eugene O'Neill's plays. As is sufficiently known to the inner circle,

I write them. I have written all of O'Neill's plays with the exception of *Days Without End*, *Dynamo* and *Welded*, the bad ones. The rest, the good ones, are all mine. I simply give O'Neill two percent of the royalties for the use of his name. But I fear that in the future, beginning with his forthcoming seven-play cycle, I shall be forced to let him struggle along on his own as best he can, because he has lately got a bit of a swelled head and has demanded another one-half percent of my royalties. And *me* doing the work!



B. Lillie

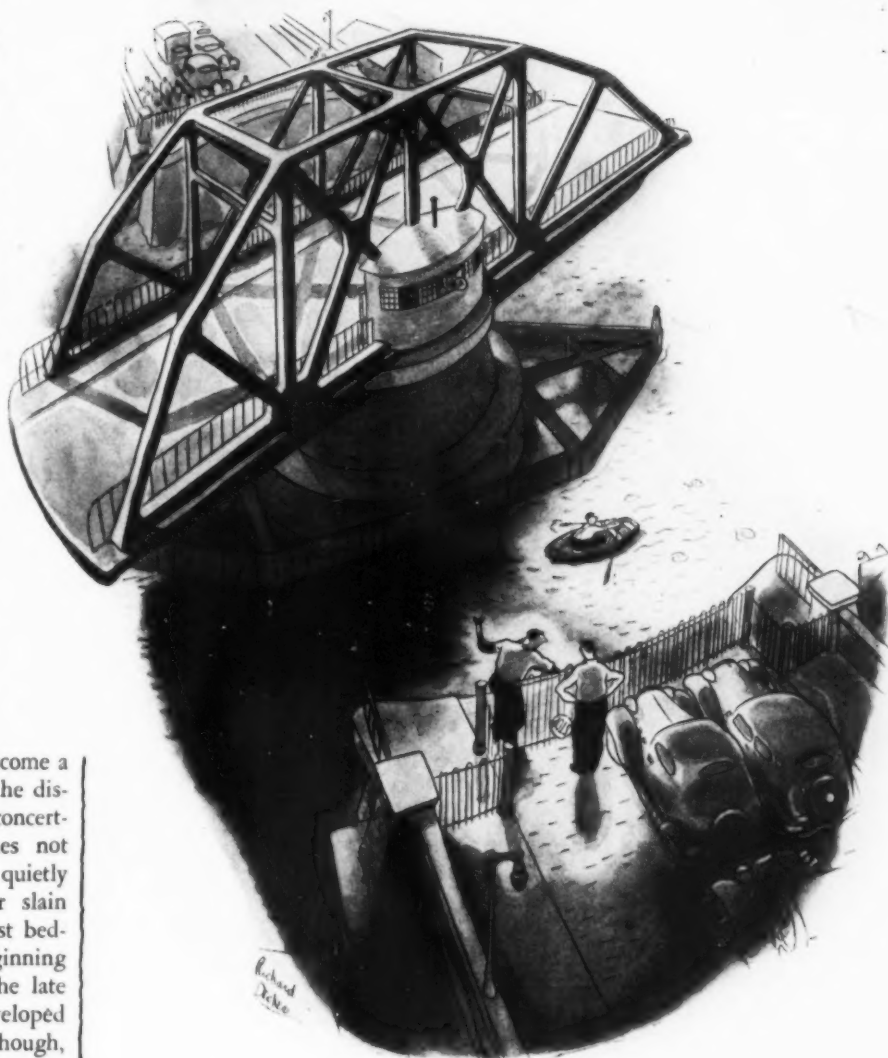
DAMON RUN- YON'S and How-

ard Lindsay's buffoonery, *A Slight Case of Murder*, which was Opening No. 3, was good amusement when it didn't get in its own way desperately trying to be a play. Its vaudeville moments were perfectly satisfactory, but the blues set in whenever the boys recalled that they had to be strung together with a little dramaturgy. At such times even the dramatic critics, who don't take the rules of drama, for all their necessary professorial pretense, half as gravely as, say, the Theatre Guild's subscribers, suffered a bit of æsthetic pain.

The show started out with an hilarious idea. Just as an ex-racketeer, who has taken a house at Saratoga for the pony season and has installed his wife and daughter therein, concludes to go straight and become a respectable member of society, he discovers to his considerable disconcertment that some old colleagues not entirely friendly to him have quietly deposited the corpses of four slain gangsters in one of his choicest bedrooms. There, surely, is the beginning of a farce that someone like the late Avery Hopwood might have developed into smooth and ribald stuff, although, remembering Hopwood's penchant for sex, he very probably would have had the aforesaid corpses at the end of the first act chase Mabel Barrison up into the attic. But the present authors were defective in sustaining the gay notion and by the time the second act got under way there remained little to it but repetitions of the chord which they struck at the outset. Nevertheless, as has been said, some of the burlesque interruptions were fruity with laughs. And here and there Runyon's shrewd comic hand was happily visible.

The company, except for Lawrence Grossmith as an aristocratic old bird who found himself to his supreme discomfort in the racketeer's ménage, performed with the artificiality and self-consciousness of a Minsky troupe playing for the first time in a legitimate theatre at three dollars a seat.

THE season's fourth revelation was *Night of January 16*, a court-room murder trial melodrama by



"Stackhouse uses anything for an excuse to open that bridge."

Ayn Rand. It was presented by our old friend, Al Woods, patron saint of court-room murder trial melodramas who has been in retirement for three years, owing to the circumstance that nobody—except Englishmen, whom Al doesn't like much—wrote any court-room murder trial melodramas during that period.

The present court-room murder trial melodrama resembles most of the other court-room murder trial melodramas that Al and others have produced in the last twenty years, save for a trick at the finish. This consists in having a jury, theoretically drafted from the audience, pass upon the guilt or innocence of the accused and then having the actors play one of two short endings based upon the nature of the verdict. Otherwise, the show travels the rusty tracks, with certain phases of the legal

procedure, as usual, driving to immediate drink any lawyers who happen to be in the house. The chief applause on the opening night was reserved for Jack Dempsey and Edward J. Reilly, the Hauptmann defense counsel, who sat in the jury box on the stage and stoically listened for more than two hours to some of the most rococo whangdoodle that has sounded behind the footlights since the time of Geronimo.

Amidst the dreary monotony of the repeated "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"—the curse of even better shows of this kind—there emerged from the stage fable a welter of melodramatic drool hypothetically based upon the passing of the late match baron, Ivar Kreuger. It was gradually made manifest by the imagi-

(Continued on page 48)



GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not for children)

A New Garbo?

NOT that Garbo cares, but I came awfully close to coming over to the Garbo camp, at *Anna Karenina*.

Either there is a new Garbo or there is a new Herold.

One of us has mellowed . . . or softened.

At the start of this picture, Garbo was a quieter and sweeter Garbo, and I sensed a lot of loveliness that I've missed—voice warm and human and all that. As the picture rolls on, however, they turn on the pang, and Garbo makes the old mistake of getting out on a limb and sawing herself off.

Fredric March (giving a very stuffed performance)—Russian army officer—who has swiped Anna from her husband (Basil Rathbone, cold steel) and her little son (Freddie Bartholomew, a little too adult and precise to be completely winning—he makes too many bedtime orations to his mother)—tires

of Garbo, and then the agony arrives, as per the usual Garbo formula.

Anna Karenina has, in lesser degree, the weaknesses of most Garbo pictures: too much circus, too much background, too much incidental noise and hullabaloo, too many candelabra, too much show, too much fake. Perhaps the reason I have enjoyed so few Garbo productions is that Garbo brings out the worst in her directors. Sex on a high horse is what she seems to suggest to them. If a director has any Barnum & Bailey in him, she brings it out. They all want to put her in a pageant and have her stab herself in satin, for a love she can't have, for a love which is a greater love than the love any woman has ever had for any man; please pass the aspirin.

Consequently, most Garbo films have been bunk on a big scale, and heretofore I have been inclined to classify Garbo, in that sweeping, unfair way I have, as the bunk. Despite the fact that *Anna Karenina* is still too much of a world's fair, Garbo seems pretty

honest in it, for a welcome change.

What I am wondering is, how well could Garbo act in a small, plain room with only a table and two chairs for props, and with only groceries and ordinary love and simple home life to talk about? As a rule she is set in such gorgeous surroundings, and she lays on the pomp and dignity so thick, and then wrenches the agony spigot with such desperation, that it is really kind of hard to tell whether or not she is acting or bluffing.

How well could Garbo swap roles with Katharine Hepburn in *Alice Adams* or with Merle Oberon in *Dark Angel*, where simple, honest human emotions must be portrayed without help of elephants and a male chorus of 200 voices?

This is from a totally convulsed Richard Watts Jr. in the *Herald Tribune*: "There can no longer be sensible reason for doubting that she is the transcendent personage of the modern drama, whether of stage or screen . . . no actress has brought so much beauty and magnificence to any form of the theatre within this generation."

I wonder?

I saw *Karenina* and *Dark Angel* on the same evening, and my choke-ometer tells me that Merle Oberon is many times a Garbo, without half trying.

Dark Angel

If you like to get yourself a red, sniffling nose, and runny mascara, carry a big family handkerchief and take in *Dark Angel*, and let go. If it seems somewhat familiar in theme, that is because it has been done before in play and picture, but you will still yearn to boo-hoo your heart out. That is because it is done quietly and sincerely and smashingly by Merle

(Continued on page 50)



"Fred Astaire said he might drop in."

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ARRANGED GEOGRAPHICALLY

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-eight years. In that time it has expended over \$705,000 and has provided more than 57,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded city.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND and sent to 60 E. 42 Street, New York City.

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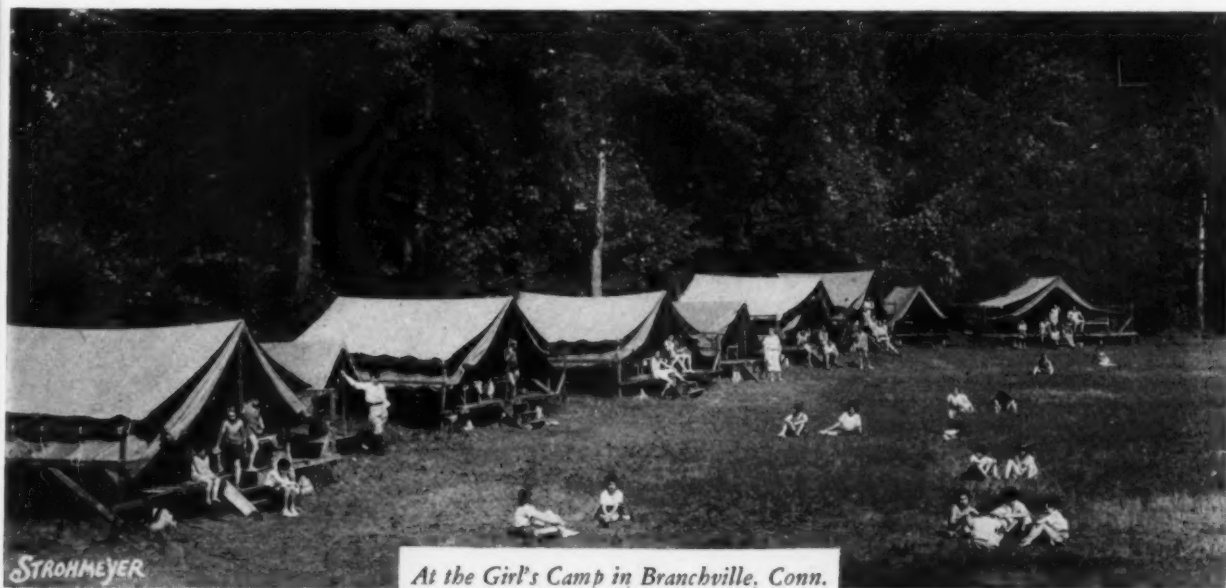
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Ginsberg, Charles	10.00
Greene, E. M., Jr.	5.00
Gurley, Helen K.....	15.00
Lane, Mrs. H. M.	5.00
Mason, Dr. Michael L.	10.00
Murray, Mrs. Richard P.	50.00
Purdum, R. B.....	1.00
Rhoads, D. M.....	2.00
Roberts, Harlow P.....	5.00
Walker, Doris	1.00

INDIANA

A Friend	15.00
Clarke, Dr. Elton R.....	2.00
Cole, Mrs. J. O.....	50.00

IOWA

Anonymous	2.00
Sharon, Dr. James P.....	2.00



At the Girl's Camp in Branchville, Conn.



KANSAS

Anonymous	15.00
Lee, V.	15.00
Warren, Mrs. Frank P.	5.00

KENTUCKY

Teed, E. J.....	1.00
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LOUISIANA

Anonymous	15.00
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MAINE

A. E. B.	5.00
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00

MARYLAND

Anonymous	50.00
C. L. N.	3.00
Fowler, Madeline H.	20.00
Green, Harry B. & Co.	5.00
Gude, Wilhelmina	1.00
Hall, D. P.	5.00
Hyde, Thomas, IV	5.00
Iglehart, Mrs. F. M.	1.00
Jeffers, Nick.	1.00
Matthews, C. V.	5.00
Odell, Mr. & Mrs. Geo. E. ..	1.00
Wakefield, Ernest J.	30.00

MASSACHUSETTS

Allyn, Dorothea.....	5.00
Anonymous	50.00
Anonymous	30.00
Anonymous	20.00
Anonymous	20.00
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	15.00
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Anonymous	10.00
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Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	3.00
Anonymous	2.00
Barnes, Charles B.....	5.00
Browne, Mrs. F. A.....	5.00
Brush, Mrs. Horace D.....	5.00
Camp Wabtonah	135.00
Carr, Grace B.....	25.00
C. C. H.....	10.00
Chapin, Mrs. Wm. H.....	10.00
Clark, Mrs. Fletcher, Jr.	5.00
Clark, Mrs. H. B.....	10.00
C. L. W.....	100.00
Dexter, Mrs. Franklin.....	5.00
Dodd, Mr. & Mrs. Loring	
Holmes	15.00
Doran, Elcano A.....	1.00
Esleek, Mrs. A. W.....	20.00
Ferrin, Mrs. F. M.....	5.00
Foss, Mrs. James O.....	10.00
Gilman, Mrs. Helen B.....	10.00
Groll, O. C.....	5.00
Herring, Mrs. E. B.....	10.00
Honey Club.....	1.50
Howland, H. B.....	1.00
Hubbard, E. Jr.....	3.00



Hubble, Jeannette S.	10.00
Hunt, Mrs. F. T.	5.00
Hutchinson, John W.	5.00
Hutchinson, Mabel	5.00
Jackson, Mrs. Charles	25.00
Loffie, Mrs. J. H.	15.00
Jones, Helen L.	5.00
Maddox, Mrs. R. F.	5.00
Morgan, Harriet S.	15.00
Otis, Charles	15.00
Paine, Mrs. Frank C.	15.00
Proudfoot, Worcester	15.00
Ramsdell, T. Ellis	5.00
Regan, Agnes L.	2.00
Riley, Charles E.	25.00
Robinson, Richard M.	5.00
Ryan, Andrew J.	1.00
Shaw, Dr. Thos. B.	2.00
Smart, Rosemary, and the "Honey Club"	7.20
Spring, Mrs. John C.	25.00
Stetson, Edward M.	5.00
Stevens, George	20.00
Swift, Anne W.	5.00
Swift, Elizabeth R.	5.00
Swift, Katharine W., Jr.	5.00
T. J. N.	25.00
Turner, Chester A.	2.00
Walnut Hill School Christian Assn.	25.00
Warner, Chester	25.00
Watson, Mrs. Lester	5.00
Wechsberg, Otto	2.00
Wilks, Mrs. P. H.	.50
Winslow, Mrs. Samuel E.	10.00

MICHIGAN

Aarons, Harold.....	2.00
Annis, Newton.....	15.00
Anonymous.....	25.00
Anonymous.....	15.00
Anonymous.....	15.00
Anonymous.....	10.00
Anonymous.....	5.00
Baits, Jane & Steve.....	5.00
Bates, Mrs. R. T.....	10.00
Begole, Mrs. J. W.....	15.00
Bigelow, S. Lawrence.....	5.00
Brown, Mrs. Guy C.....	10.00
Erwin, Mrs. H. P.....	15.00
Ewald, Henry T.....	50.00
Goldstein, Charles L.....	1.00
Hastings, H. M.....	2.00
Joy, Ella H.....	15.00
Joy, Mrs. Richard P.....	50.00
Moffet, A. H.....	1.50
Riddell, Elizabeth.....	1.00
Roby, Anne M.....	5.00
Seafaro, Jos. R.....	2.00
Shaw, Mrs. Howard L.....	5.00
Smith, Mrs. Rosalind A.....	10.00
White, R. K.....	25.00

MINNESOTA

Anonymous	1.00
Cram, Robert V.....	5.00
Harbison, G. P.....	3.00
Smith, Louise H.....	3.00
Waters, Carolyn.....	5.00

MISSISSIPPI

Bonham, Mrs. S. K.....	2.50
Warner, Mrs. C. L.....	15.00

MISSOURI

Anonymous	25.00
Anonymous	1.00
Coste, Mrs. L. W.	1.00
Gaba, Mrs. Sol	1.00
Green, H. P.	10.00
Perkins, Mrs. A. L.	1.00

MONTANA

Dickerson, Mrs. W.....	15.00
Main, Clara M.....	3.00

NEBRASKA

Anonymous	10.00
Anonymous	1.00
Negley, W. D.....	.50
Sinn, Eva M.....	1.00

NEVADA

Anonymous	5.00
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NEW HAMPSHIRE

Adams, Mrs. W. A.	2.00
E. C. B.	10.00
Fairfax, Grace	1.00
Friend	10.00
Goodrich, Mrs. N. L.	5.00
Great East Lodge	28.33
Swenson, Mrs. J. A.	15.00
Verriest, Leon	10.00

NEW JERSEY

A Friend	15.00
Anonymous	30.00

Anonymous	25.00
Anonymous	25.00
Anonymous	20.00
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	10.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
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Anonymous	3.00
Anonymous	2.00
Anonymous	1.00
Anonymous	1.00
Barnes, Mrs. E. M.	10.00
Bartram, Howard P.	15.00
Beattie, R. B.	5.00
Berdan, Alan	2.00
Bocsett, Mrs. Theodore	1.00
Bowman, Mrs. Border	2.00
Bush, L. T.	1.00
Casper, O. W.	25.00
Coe, Kent Day	5.00
Condell, Lucy	2.00
Conover, Alida L.	5.00
Courtney, Mr. & Mrs. H. W.	2.00
Dodd, Mrs. Allison	15.00
D. S. R.	1.00
Ellsworth, Elizabeth	5.00
Federal Paper Board Co., Inc.	5.00
Fincke, Mrs. B. C.	3.00
Footo, Mrs. A. E.	5.00
Gaston, Mrs. L. P.	15.00
Graham, Mrs. Benj.	5.00
Green, Mrs. H. M.	30.00
Janes, Irene	2.00
Kip, Flora	5.00
Kisarat, C. W.	3.00
Korndorf, C. H.	5.00
Lee, Mrs. Geo. H.	10.00
McIntosh, Josephine H.	100.00
McKnight, Mrs. N. M.	5.00
Mallaby, Miss T. F.	5.00
Marts, Mrs. Ethel D.	5.00
Morgan, Wm. Osgood	25.00
Nye, H. H.	2.00
Paulmier, Alice B.	1.00
Prenstiss, Henry	5.00
Prizer, Mary C.	10.00
Rogers, Dr. Harry	10.00
Rogers, Dr. Robert W.	2.00
Sandford, Percy	10.00
Schneider, B. B., Jr.	25.00
Sidlett, Harry M.	1.50
Smith, Maitland L. H.	2.00
Stern, Mrs. R. H.	10.00
Stokes, Mrs. S. E.	20.00
Stroud, J. R.	100.00
Stroud, Edward A.	5.00
Symphazier	5.00
Taylor, Mrs. C. E.	15.00
Thacher, Mr. & Mrs. Frank W.	5.00
Westervelt, Miss M. K.	5.00
Wise, John S.	15.00

NEW MEXICO

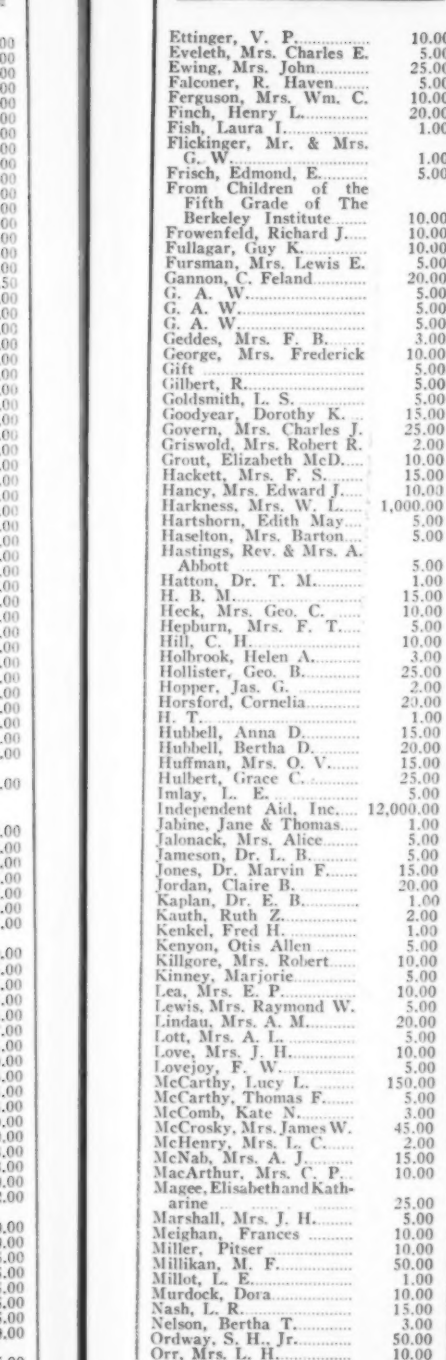
M. M.	2.50
Robb, Mrs. H. B.	10.00

NEW YORK

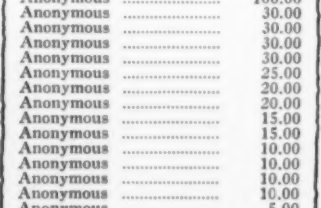
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Anonymous	50.
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Anonymous	50.
Anonymous	50.
Astoria, Vincent	50.00
Aunt Mollie	25.00
Austin, Ida McM.	5.00
Bailey, Mrs. DeWitt	15.00
Baldwin, Mrs. J. Mark	20.00
Banks, Morton M.	5.00
Beller, Mr. & Mrs. A.	5.00
Bischof, Mrs. Earl	10.00
Bishop, Miss Kate W.	10.00
Blake, Miss Kate W.	10.00
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Brashear, Col. Peter C.	10.00
Bridges, Robert	10.00
Bristol, Mrs. Henry P.	75.00
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Bucher, J. C.	5.00
Burkham, Caroline T.	5.00
Butler, M. K.	15.00
Caldwell, E. T.	5.00
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Camp Santanoni, Mr. & Mrs. Frank S. Hackett & Campers 	38.00
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Clark, Brackett H.	5.00
Clark, Donald R.	5.00
Clark, Mr. & Mrs. George H. 	10.00
Clark, Mrs. H. A.	5.00
Clark, Halford R.	5.00
Cluetz, John B.	5.00
Cole, Edward F.	25.00
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Conrad, H. V.	10.00
Cook, Mrs. Robert G.	5.00
Coughlin, Mrs. E. J.	15.00
Cox, Mrs. Lewis J.	5.00
Cragin, Miriam W.	10.00
Crocker, George A.	10.00
Curfman, F. G.	3.00
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Javey, Mrs. John E.	50.00
Maries, Mrs. Frederick	10.00
Mary	5.00
Mearborn, D. B.	5.00
Neming, Eleanor	5.00
Oberly, Mrs. J. C.	2.00
O'Brien, O. D.	5.00
Owcher, Stella	10.00
Dual, Mrs. Herman	5.00
Edmonds, Mrs. John Worth 	5.00

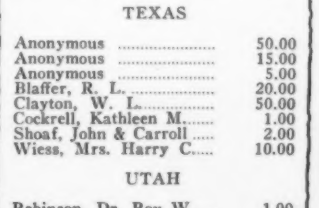
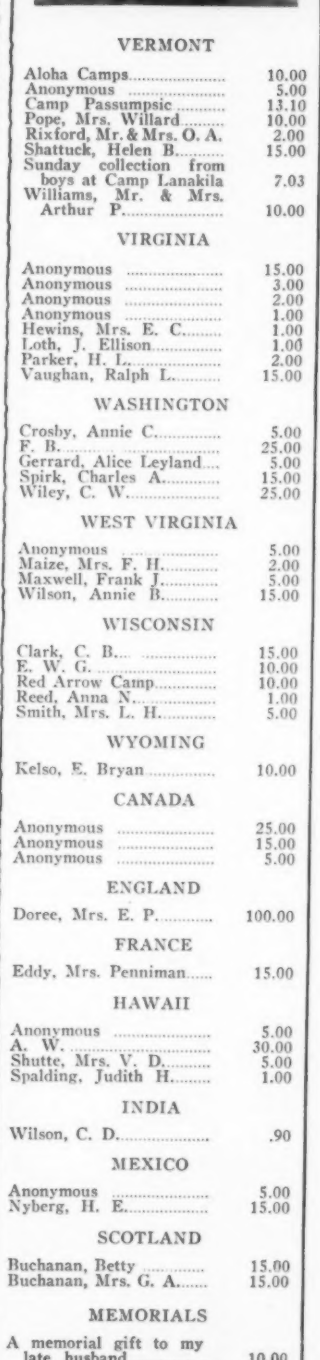




Pagestecher, Bertha	5.00
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Pell, J. D.	10.00
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Schullinger, J.	10.00
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Stern, Morley A.	10.00
Sterratt, Edith	5.00
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Sweet, Mrs. Chas. A.	5.00
Sweet, Mrs. Lloyd E.	25.00
Talbot, Mrs. H. R.	5.00
Tarantino, Daniel	2.00
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Townsend, Elbert J.	15.00
Vander Veer, Dr. A.	10.00
Visscher, Mrs. W. L.	25.00
Walker, William H.	25.00
Ward, Winifred S.	20.00
Watson, Mrs. James S.	15.00
Welden, Mrs. B. F.	15.00
Whitcomb, E. T.	2.00
Whitney, George, Jr., Robert B., Martha Phyllis, & Elizabeth B.	100.00
Whittlesey, Mrs. P. W.	10.00
Whitwell, Elsie N.	10.00
Williams, Clark	10.00
Williams, Mrs. Estelle	20.00
Williams, F. H.	5.00
Williams, Mrs. Rodney	10.00
Williams, Mrs. Winslow T.	2.50
Winkhaus, Mrs. A. C.	2.00
Winwick Company	2.00
Wolff, Mrs. Wm. A.	5.00
Wolf-Metternich, Wm. E.	5.00
Woodriff, Betty	2.00
Wright, Theodore P.	15.00
NORTH CAROLINA	
Cone, Bernard M.	10.00
Smith, Willis	5.00
Valentine, F. H.	10.00
OHIO	
Anonymous	25.00
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	10.00
Anonymous	5.00
Brotherton, Mary M.	1.00
Eagerton, B. T.	1.00
Flowers, Dorothy	5.00
Grasselli, Edward	50.00
Grasselli, Mrs. Edward, Elaine and Lucretia	50.00
Houk, R. T.	10.00
Johnson, Mrs. H. H.	10.00
Kahn, Myron	5.00
Kelley & Meyer Com- pany, The	3.00
McClough, Ethel	3.00
Obermier, Alva B.	30.00
O'Meara, Joseph, Jr.	5.00
Paine, Mrs. C. C.	10.00
Purcell, Ruth E.	10.00
Purcell, Mrs. W. H.	10.00
Stranahan, Mrs. R. A.	15.00
Sweeney, Mrs. J. F.	3.00
Teardway, Mrs. L. H.	50.00
Turner, Lucy M.	20.00
Williams, O. C.	5.00
OKLAHOMA	
Lettering, C. A.	1.00
OREGON	
Anonymous	15.00
Breck, Mrs. Wm. A. M.	1.00
Famley, L. H.	3.50
Ingrow, Berk B.	25.00
PENNSYLVANIA	
Chickermann, Mrs. F. W.	5.00



Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Anonymous	3.00
Anonymous	3.00
Anonymous	2.00
Anonymous	1.00
"Bagatelle"	20.00
Bayer, W. M.	10.00
Biddle, Christine W.	10.00
Biddle, Harriet T.	15.00
Camp Lenape	5.00
Carpenter, Major Aaron E.	5.00
Clifford, Mrs. Henry	25.00
Cook, Mrs. C. P.	5.00
Crowe, William M.	20.00
Day, Mrs. Charles	10.00
Deardorff, E. W.	2.00
Demmler, M. E. C.	10.00
Dunlap, A. M. E. C.	15.00
F. E. C., Mr. and Mrs.	15.00
Fitzgerald, W. J.	10.00
Frazier, Mrs. John G.	5.00
Gerhab, Wm. J.	5.00
Gift	15.00
Gillendre, Hannah F.	3.00
Gillett, Mrs. H. R.	15.00
"Giver"	15.00
Green, Robert M.	5.00
Haines, Harold A.	2.00
Henderson, Louis S., Inc.	1.00
Herbert H. Blizzard & Co.	2.00
Holmes, Mrs. F. S.	10.00
Huessener, Julie	5.00
Jeffords, Walter M.	10.00
Kaemmling, S. M.	30.00
Kasitz, John	2.00
Katz, Leon	1.00
Keith, Mrs. J. M.	10.00
Keller, Mrs. Harry	5.00
Leverett, William	1.00
Lewis, William & Andrew	5.00
Livingston, E. H.	1.00
Love, Mrs. R. C.	15.00
Maloney, Paul	2.00
"Maunch Chunk"	2.50
Miller, Mrs. F. A.	15.00
Novorolsky, Rev. Joseph J.	2.00
Packard, Mrs. George	5.00
Palmer, Mrs. T. R.	15.00
Potter, Mrs. Ralph W.	10.00
Scheffey, Dr. Lewis C.	5.00
Scott, H. L.	10.00
Senenon, J. S.	10.00
Smith, M. C. Elmer	10.00
Smith, Helen R.	10.00
Sterling, Mrs. Willis B.	100.00
Taggart, Mary H.	1.00
Thomas, Mrs. J. M.	15.00
Thompson, R. M.	10.00
Thorn, Mrs. C. W.	10.00
Titus, Mrs. Robt. R.	15.00
Underwood, Florence M.	3.00
Williams, Mrs. C. K.	15.00
Worth, George S.	10.00
Young, Mrs. J. H.	10.00
Zook, Ralph T.	5.00
RHODE ISLAND	
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	15.00
Anonymous	10.00
Anonymous	1.00
amp Canonius	10.80
hapi, Anna	5.00
ottrell, Mrs. C. Byron.	10.00
azard, P. R.	5.00
ustig, Mrs. Alfred L.	5.00
icholson, Mrs. Paul C.	20.00
hillips, Helen S.	5.00
evens, Margaret P.	5.00
urber, Jessie M.	15.00
hacher, Mrs. Thomas D.	10.00
walker, Mrs. P. Francis	2.00
SOUTH CAROLINA	
hillips, Mrs. H. W.	5.00
SOUTH DAKOTA	
Anonymous	30.00
Anonymous	2.00
TENNESSEE	
Friend	5.00



In Memoriam Frederick W. D'Evelyn.....	1.00	In Memory of Marion.....	100.00	S. B. L. G.....	5.00	Harding, Priscilla.....	10.00
In Memoriam W. H. C. Fosdick.....	10.00	In Memory of Mary L. Delafield.....	50.00	S. C. W.....	60.00	Harris, Mrs. Lawrence V. D.....	15.00
In Memory F. W. J. and N. N. J.....	5.00	In Memory of M. B. W. Swaim and Anita Swaim.....	10.00	S. M. H.....	15.00	Hurlburt, Judge Helen A. and Ted's vacation.....	1.00
In Memory L. B. E.....	20.00	In Memory of M. C. B. Krueger.....	10.00	S. O. I.....	5.00	In Memory of Happy Days at Evergreen, Colo.....	1.00
In memory of a friend.....	25.00	In Memory of M. E. B. G. Littleton.....	10.00	S. R. G.....	5.00	James Emory Griffin Memorial Fund.....	15.00
In Memory of a loved boy.....	10.00	In Memory of Mrs. M. H. McIntyre.....	15.00	V. B.....	15.00	Jeanes, Mrs. Isaac W.....	25.00
In Memory of Barbara.....	5.00	In Memory of M. L. H. and M. C. G.....	10.00	"W. C. R.".....	20.00	Jenny, John W.....	15.00
In Memory of Bob.....	15.00	In Memory of My Father.....	3.00	"W. H. M.".....	15.00	Keeln, Marie V. Z.....	25.00
"In Memory of Bob" Nichols.....	2.00	In Memory of Nello.....	5.00	W. N. D.....	50.00	Keeler, Mrs. Edna D.....	25.00
In Memory of Carrie Lowell.....	5.00	In Memory of Peter D. Swaim.....	5.00	MISCELLANEOUS			
In Memory of Charlotte Lowell.....	1.00	In Memory of R. F. E. Krueger.....	10.00	(No addresses)			
In Memory of C. H. M. Gillis.....	10.00	In Memory of S. C. M. Viking.....	3.00	A Friend.....	25.00	Lange, Harry and Lydia.....	5.00
In Memory of Claire H. Gillis.....	5.00	In Memory of "The Little Viking".....	10.00	A Friend.....	15.00	Latsch, Ann.....	5.00
In memory of Connie.....	5.00	In Memory of Thomas A. Witherspoon.....	15.00	A Friend.....	10.00	Lois, Bill, Martha.....	15.00
In Memory of Crescence Ruppe.....	50.00	In Memory of T. W. C. Jr.....	20.00	A Friend.....	10.00	Lorita.....	10.00
In Memory of "Dad" Davis.....	10.00	In Memory of William H. Brooks, Jr.....	20.00	A Friend.....	5.00	McCulloch, Helen.....	5.00
In Memory of Dorothy.....	15.00	Memorial R. V. S.....	5.00	A Friend.....	5.00	Margi and Beverley.....	25.00
In Memory of E. A. Nettleton.....	5.00	Memory W. C. G.....	5.00	A Friend.....	2.10	"Marguerite".....	10.00
In Memory of E. D.....	100.00	INITIALS ONLY				One who wishes she could give more.....	10.00
In Memory of E. D.....	15.00	A. E. L.....	15.00	A friendly person.....	2.00	Owl's Nest.....	5.00
In Memory of Edward H. Green, Jr.....	50.00	A. E. R.....	5.00	"A Friend of Children".....	25.00	Parents of three.....	10.00
In Memory of E. F. B. and M. S. C.....	10.00	A. G. H.....	2.00	"A friend of children".....	15.00	Part of Proceeds of Baseball Game held by Ludwig Baumann and Finkenberg Furniture Stores.....	15.00
In Memory of E. L. H.'s love for children.....	5.00	A. M. S.....	15.00	A friend of children.....	15.00	Rip Van Winkle.....	10.00
In Memory of Ellsworth Iliff.....	5.00	B. S. H.....	25.00	A friend of children.....	5.00	Rodie, Marion & Billy.....	10.00
In Memory of Emily MacKaye Alling.....	2.00	C. F. F.....	1.00	A Well-Wisher.....	25.00	Rogers, Richard C.....	10.00
In Memory of Emmy Jo Smith.....	25.00	"C. O. L.".....	2.00	An Old Friend.....	500.00	Seidler, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. —Members of the Boys' Camp Staff, 1934.....	5.00
In Memory of Frances.....	5.00	D. E. Z.....	5.00	An old friend.....	10.00	Sherwood, Mrs. C. L.....	2.00
"In Memory of Frank".....	100.00	E. B. D.....	35.00	An X New Yorker.....	2.00	Shut-in.....	10.00
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In Memory of George J. Capewell.....	25.00	E. K. C. and I. J. P. B.....	10.00	"Anonymous".....	15.00	Sunday collection at the Aloha Hive.....	17.02
In Memory of Grace S. Fales.....	25.00	E. St. D. M.....	2.00	Anonymous.....	10.00	Talman, Bill Jr., Jim & Tom.....	30.00
In Memory of Gustavus A. Nicolls, 2nd.....	30.00	F. B. J.....	30.00	Allen's Foot-Ease.....	5.00	"Thank Offering".....	5.00
In Memory of H. A. S.....	5.00	F. L. S.....	3.00	Arnold, Audrey E.....	3.00	"The Old Maid".....	15.00
In Memory of Horace G. Allen, July 27th.....	100.00	F. M. L.....	20.00	Beatty, James C.....	10.00	Thorne, Montgomery Ward.....	50.00
"In Memory of Hugh".....	25.00	"G. E. C.".....	15.00	Bracken, Alexander.....	15.00	"Un Amigo".....	15.00
In Memory of Jackie.....	15.00	G. G. and B. B.....	15.00	Brown, Captain and Mrs. Button, Mrs. Wm. H.....	10.00	Whitemore, Howard, Robert & Harris.....	10.00
In Memory of James N. Dickey, June 19, 1918.....	10.00	"G. P.".....	5.00	"Cash".....	50.00	Williams, Douglas M.....	15.00
In Memory of J. and J. C. de B. S.....	2.00	H. C. R.....	15.00	Cash.....	35.00	Woods, Nancy and Phil.....	10.00
In Memory of J. C. Weaver.....	15.00	H. McF. and M. W.....	5.00	Cash.....	15.00	Wright, Mrs. Arthur W.....	5.00
In Memory of J. D. C.....	30.00	H. P. S.....	1.00	Cole, Dr. Chas. J.....	5.00	Zabriskie, Mary, Helen & Anne.....	5.00
In Memory of Jerome Read.....	5.00	H. S. L.....	100.00	Cooke, M. R.....	2.00	Total.....	\$29,122.13
In Memory of John Dewey, II.....	5.00	"J. A. B.".....	25.00	Donation.....	3.00	LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND also acknowledges with thanks receipt of the following articles:	
In Memory of Josephine B. Goodale.....	15.00	J. C.....	15.00	Donation for some little boy.....	5.00	At the Girls' Camp: box of toys from Miss Rachel J. Coffin, Camp Innisfree; paint from Pratt & Lambert; leather from Kaufman & Falk; box of clothing from Mrs. E. Burdett, Camp Wahtonah; clothing from Mrs. F. A. Cornell, of Haddonfield, N. J.; victrola records, donor unknown. At the Boys' Camp: toys from the Toy Shop, Washington, D. C.; three dozen mosquito nets from Camp Santanoni, Long Lake, N. Y.; box of clothing from Howard P. Bartram, Newark, N. J.; loan of team of work horses for the summer for Covered Wagon Camp, anonymous; loan of a riding horse for the summer for Covered Wagon Camp, from a friend; sewing machine, donor unknown.	
In Memory of Lt. Kenneth P. Culbert.....	10.00	J. H. A.....	5.00	Donation.....	100.00	We are also grateful for 350 boxes of candy contributed anonymously for our 1934 Christmas Reunion of campers.	
In Memory of Kent.....	15.00	J. H. G.....	15.00	Doris Charles and Jimmy Dow, Fenner.....	5.00	(Further acknowledgements will be made in future issues of Life)	
In Memory of Kitty Hershey.....	200.00	J. H. H.....	20.00	Friend.....	15.00		
In Memory of K. P. Mc. In his Birthday, July 20th.....	40.00	K. B. Y.....	3.00	Friend.....	5.00		
In Memory of Louise Varnum.....	15.00	L. C. P.....	15.00	Friend.....	5.00		
In Memory of L. S. the second.....	5.00	L. J. A.....	1.00	Friend.....	1.00		
"In Memory of Margaret J.".....	15.00	L. M. S.....	25.00	Friend.....	1.00		
		"M. B. S.".....	100.00	Friend.....	1.00		
		M. E. B.....	2.50	Friend.....	1.00		
		M. E. P.....	5.00	From a friend.....	500.00		
		M. L. M.....	10.00	From a friend.....	25.00		
		M. R. M.....	100.00	From a friend.....	25.00		
		P. K. L.....	8.00	From a little puppy.....	15.00		
		R. F. B.....	25.00	From a subscriber to LIFE for more than forty years, and a contributor for nearly as many years.....	5.00		
		R. W.....	2.00	From Bill and Con.....	5.00		
		R. W. D.....	35.00	From Gordon, Alice, Constance, Francis and Graham.....	15.00		
		R. W. J.....	35.00	From John and Richard Dinmore.....	2.50		
				From "Little Brother".....	3.00		
				From Patsey, Sumner and Val.....	15.00		
				From "V. B. B.".....	2.00		
				From Virginia L. Turin.....	1.00		
				"From Vivian, In Memory of John".....	5.00		
				Girls.....	10.00		
				Gordon, Crawford.....	20.00		
				Gordon, Jean.....	20.00		
				Greer, Grace M.....	30.00		
				Hagenbach, Mr. & Mrs. A. W.....	15.00		



Near the Boys' Camp at Pottersville, N. J.

Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!



Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—when resistance is low.

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 have shown Listerine's amazing power against the common cold and sore throat.

Year in, year out, those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener, caught about half as many colds and sore throats as non-users. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were extremely mild, while non-users reported more severe developments.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢



GEORGE WASHINGTON SERVED IT TO HIS DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

...and in time this fine rye
became the toast of two nations



SERVING Mount Vernon Rye to your guests is an act of gracious hospitality that hails back to George Washington himself.

For this famous old whiskey owes its very name to the fact that it was first distilled at Mount Vernon from grain grown on the General's own rich farm lands.

In those hearty times a good cellar was essential in every gentleman's house—and this distillery provided a practical use for the bountiful harvests.

And so fine and mellow was the whiskey produced under the careful supervision of James Anderson, the head overseer—a Scot who had mastered the distiller's art in his native land—that its fame was quickly spread by the many famous visitors who frequented Mount Vernon.

In 1799, Washington wrote "*the demand for this*

rye in these parts is brisk"—a demand that soon spread to England where Mount Vernon has been one of the few popular American whiskeys ever since.

It is almost a century since the distillery was removed to Baltimore, but the treasured formula that gives this rye its magnificent flavor has been ever jealously maintained.

That is why you will find in Mount Vernon Bottled in Bond Straight Rye Whiskey today the same incomparable satisfaction that judges of good whiskey have relished for 140 years.

Mount Vernon

Straight Rye Whiskey—Bottled in Bond

Under U. S. Government supervision

A Good Guide



to Good Whiskey

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LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

NOVEMBER

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested answers in each of the questions below. Your score in the Fifties is Fair . . . Seventies, Good . . . Eighties, Excellent.

1. Oysters are not eaten in the R-less months because:

they're shedding their shells
they're spawning *the water changes*
they're too busy forming pearls

2. The word tundra is correctly used in only one of these sentences:

Savoldi fell on him like a tundra bricks.
The tundra shimmered in the tropical moonlight.
Across the bleak Arctic tundra he plodded.
He used a vertical stress tundra for a brace.

3. One of these travels fastest:

gossip *light* *sound* *Malcolm Campbell*

4. Milk is pasteurized by:

placing cows in special pasture
boiling and dehydrating *spraying*
heating to 149° F., then cooling
freezing, then thawing suddenly

5. The motto of the Boy Scouts is:

Wash Behind Your Ears *Keep Cool*
Early to Bed *Be Prepared*
Lend a Helping Hand *Save Your Pennies*

6. When you see a penguin you should associate it with:

Birdseye Foods *B.V.D.* *White Rock*
Kools *Post Toasties* *Doubleday, Doran Co.*

7. The referee was correct when he said:

"You're PENN-al-ized!"
"You're pe-NAL-ized!"
"You're PEE-nal-ized!"
"You're arrested!"

8. European Plan at a hotel means:

pay when you feel like it
room with meals *room only*
room by the week without bath

9. Singapore is nearest:

South China *Japan* *Philippines*
Malay Peninsula *India* *Persia*

10. There's only one true statement here:

The Hambletonian is an English crew race.
Amelia Earhart is nearer 30 than 40.
Ornithologists specialize in lizards.
The U. S. Capitol dome is made of iron.

11. "The Big Train" is a familiar title for:

Joe Louis' pre-fight schedule *A. C. Hopson*
Queen Mary *Walter Johnson*
20th Century Limited

12. The most important factor in keeping an airplane aloft is:

size of propeller *pressure under wings*
vacuum over wings *moisture content of air*

13. One of these cars is of German make:

Isotta-Fraschini *Alfa-Romeo* *Invicta*
Mercedes-Benz *Rolls-Royce* *Citroën*

14. Select the word that isn't misspelled here:

vitalize *emmanate* *dyspepsea*
acompaniment *soveriegn* *vicissitudes*

15. "The Demi-Widow" is:

an old Jean Harlow picture
serial by Katherine Brush
novel by Mary Pickford
title applied to half-divorced widow

16. One of these is a hirsute adornment:

plush knickerbockers *green-striped vest*
ubiskers *yellow garters* *elk's tooth*

17. "When Nature Forgets—Remember . . ."

Ipana *Eastman Kodak* *Jantzen*
Mum *Ex-Lax* *Djer Kiss* *Castoria*

18. Only one of these should read *Variety* to keep informed in his business:

Owen D. Young *John N. Garner*
Percy Gassaway *Robert C. Hutchins*
Irving Berlin *Olin Dutra*

19. If you had eight four-ounce glasses and a quart of wine you could fill each glass

..... times if you only filled them half full:
one *three* *two* *four* *six* *eight*

20. A facet is:

a thing to wash your hands under
front of a building *dentist's tool*
cut surface of a gem *a candelabrum*

21. The line following "The shades of night were falling fast" is:

"But in fraternity houses there were none to pull."
"When through the village a traveler passed."
"As through an Alpine village passed."
"Yet tighter he clung to the broken mast."

22. If you wanted your son to play football under Coach Fritz Crisler you would send him to:

Minnesota *Chicago* *Princeton* *Harvard*
Yale *Temple* *California* *Washington*

23. That thing in which an archer carries his arrows is called:

quibbler *parka* *chukker* *quiver*
pocket *marmoset* *piccolo* *unmentionable*

24. You could engage in only one of these occupations in order to obtain standard life

insurance:

wild animal trainer *auto racer*
storage battery mixer *stagedoor watchman*
wrecking diver *sponge fisherman*

25. A.S.P.C.A. stands for:

American Society for Protecting Confirmed Atheists.
Anglo-Saxon Pure Cattle Association.
American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
American Students Protective Collegiate Association.

26. One of these statements is grammatically incorrect:

"Just between you and me, he's a Republican."
"Sorry, but I don't believe I will be able to go."
"The man who I thought was my friend is a traitor."
"He spoke to some of us, namely, her and me."

27. If your brother turned into a "sand hog" you would find him at work:

in a glass factory *making spinach*
digging tunnels under air pressure
raising swine on North Carolina marshes

28. "Dialectics" is just a fancy word for:

a disease of the intestines *speech defects*
the science of logic *radio tuner's paralysis*

29. One of these cities is farthest south:

Miami, Fla. *Tucson, Ariz.*
New Orleans, La. *El Paso, Tex.*
San Diego, Calif. *Key West, Fla.*

30. A malemute would be most helpful to you in:

a finger conversation *Alaska*
a Diesel motor overhaul *a dairy barn*

31. If Arturo Toscanini walked up to you it would be entirely logical for you to say:

"How's the price of jute today?"
"All set for another try at the flyweight title, Art?"
"I'm looking forward to your concerts, sir!"
"Why don't you manufacture spaghetti in shorter lengths?"

32. The legendary statement attributed to the Governor of North Carolina addressing the Governor of South Carolina was:

"Let's have a drink!"
"Here's mud in your eye!"
"Here's looking at you!"
"It's a long time between drinks!"

33. "The Flavor Lasts" is the advertising slogan of:

Porter's Castor Oil *Baker's Cocoa*
Wrigley's Gum *Burnett's Vanilla*
(Continued on page 34)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Life presents a new idea in crosswords — two puzzles in one. The smaller puzzle in the center may be solved separately but is interlocking with the larger puzzle surrounding it. Definitions numbered in black are for words limited by the boundaries of the smaller diagram.

HORIZONTAL

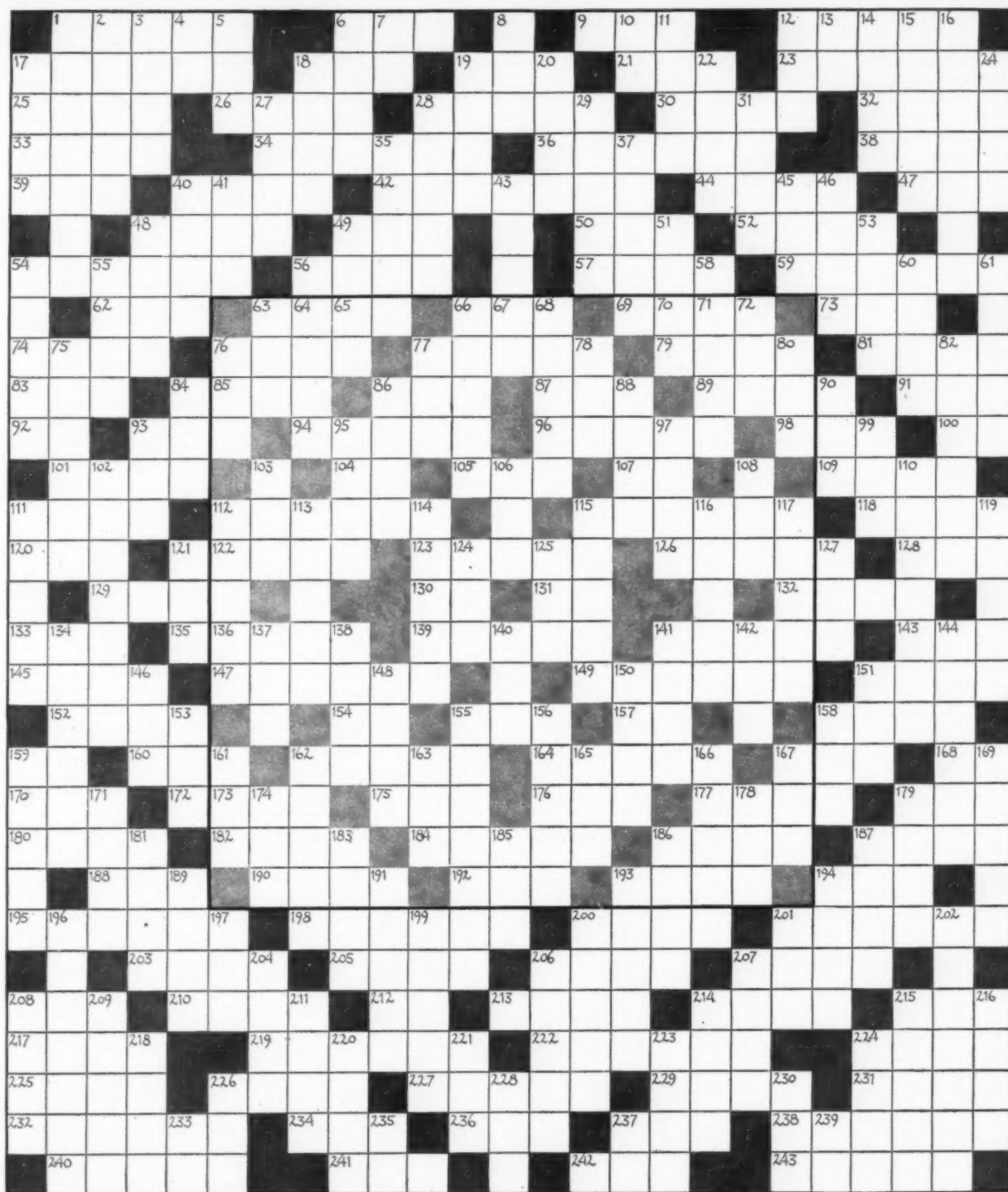
1. An action to your credit.
6. An entanglement.
9. Run out.
12. One who lives by skinning.
17. This will tell.
18. Of no little importance.
19. One of a leisured class.
21. A rustic pipe.
23. Often tried, always true.
25. Where hot air is useful.
26. What you grow up to be.
28. Tendon.
30. A water shed.
32. Used for drawing materials.
33. A group religiously set apart.
34. It's hit for getting drunk.
36. Women get tied with them.
38. This precedes fire.
39. An absorbing problem.
40. A stopper.
42. This business is looking up.
44. A dangerous slip.
47. A timely present.
48. Where you get your looks.
49. Something to go on.
50. The altogether.
52. The height of contentment.
54. A single appearance.
56. Spirit of the clinging vine.
57. One of the pitfalls.
59. Kick off.
62. You make your mark in this.
63. The noteworthy ambition.
66. Floor scrubber.
69. Tip.
73. Cast down.
74. This will give you an idea.
76. A universal letter-carrier.
77. A virtue needing defense.
79. The high spot in the day.
81. The new thing in politics.
83. A solitary example.
84. This will get you stuck.
85. And this will madden you.
86. The "gentle" sex.
87. A cyst.
89. English home brew.
89. Work that takes two.
91. Whole in one.
92. The ends of a room.
93. A persistent collector.
94. This is on the upgrade.
96. These have delusions of grandeur.
98. Exact.
100. A direction to regard.
101. A burning liquid.
104. Well known Wizard.
105. It cultivates life in the country.
107. This stands for mother.
109. A red tie-up for government business.
111. In the way of progress.
112. A shine.
115. Heated.
118. A fight promoter.
120. Women have this all sewed up.
121. A tight place to be in.
122. Chief division of the foot.
123. This has a revolution every day.
126. This rooter is always game.
126. An eating place.
128. Shown the way.
129. Something for the asking.
130. A familiar sign of want.
131. A masculine subject.
132. A wee bit.
133. The top of the deck.
135. A childish trick.
136. Pretty awful.
139. A star with a big following.
141. A small inlet.
141. Forbidden by a famous command.
143. The last thing actors should say.
145. The way things happen.
147. Some choice remarks.
149. Saved for the big blowout.
151. Sold by the point system.
152. It's a personal matter.
154. What's that?
155. A choker.
157. Everything agreeable.
158. A harsh tone to take.
159. Rue (Eng.).
160. A tree with no leaves.
162. What speakers get in Congress.
164. Country ways.
167. A permissible word.
168. Great attraction of the stars.
170. The kind of head a fighter has.
172. The labor movement.
173. It helps keep things moving.
175. All for it.
176. Upper part of a vessel.
177. Signs of excess.
177. The warning note.
179. Set up for judgment.
180. A big one is a goose.
182. Puffed.
184. Under this is out.
186. A squeezer.
187. What sailors sleep on.
188. Silent.
190. Board and room on the farm.
192. This kind of maker is destructive.
193. The same old darn job.
194. A resort of thieves.
195. A sign of something or other.
198. It goes up before rifle squads.
200. Performance of note.
201. Business branches.
203. Spare.
205. It's a howl.
206. Lines that aren't popular.
207. Fearfully impressed.
208. The catch to Hamlet.
210. An off-shoot.
212. This is most forbidding.
213. A single performance.
214. A flat boat.
215. The way to learn.
217. Mistakes.
219. They live in great waste.
222. The long way.
224. An air particle.
225. A little cut.
226. This won't stand for much.
227. These often go to great pains.
229. Deceivers.
231. A big musical number.
232. Manner of holding.
234. An object of travel.
236. The railroads' traveling companion.
237. Just scratch the surface.
238. Stay.
240. Begin again.
241. Usually down.
242. Total.
243. Get away from.
3. A breath-taking act.
4. This will tell where.
5. The time remaining.
6. Droop.
7. This sets an example before you.
8. Low jest.
10. The first era.
11. One and the other.
12. One to carry.
13. The sides of the head.
14. Individual distinction.
15. It isn't the first time.
16. These are just terrible.
17. Circular church window.
18. An unsightly spot.
19. Where the body is found.
20. A tight net.
22. Colonial dwellers.
24. Nobody's calm in this.
27. The best kind of worker.
28. Not on the level.
29. Middle man.
31. Questions.
35. Wind about.
37. Pop out.
40. Rough cut.
41. Deed.
43. Little dipper.
45. Mischievous little devil.
46. What's coming to you.
48. Ward off.
49. A momentary thing.
51. Principal.
53. One beyond education.
54. Kind of plate.
55. It's found in cone formation.
56. The pay-off.
58. These carry most stories.
60. Something to think about.
61. Usually the first word.
63. Removed.
64. Time pieces.
65. An objective view of oneself.
66. It's just a matter of days.
67. Resting place.
68. A big chaser.
70. Surrounded.
71. That's plenty.
72. This will register your kick.
75. Patient.
76. A sign of membership.
77. The best layer.
78. Coursed.
80. Pile.
82. Make an affirmation.
84. See 84 Horizontal.
86. You'll be side-tracked here.
88. Semicomatose.
90. A welcome sign at home.
93. You go for this at the beach.
95. Reluctant.
97. The witty point.
99. Old salt.
102. Fight against.
103. It's a pleasure.
106. A small lock for boats.
108. This side is all wet.
110. These are devoted to royal living.
111. A bundle of straw.
112. They're simply unbelievable.
113. Scotch bread.
114. You can't go beyond this.
115. Puts on an edge.
116. A driving principle.
117. Takes out the damp.
119. The outskirts.
121. This makes it snappy.
124. Ruction.
125. The word.

OCTOBER SOLUTION

H	A	S	T	E	M	O	W	C	O	D	S	E	A	P	P	E	A	R	S
T	E	M	P	O	P	E	N	A	L	W	I	T	S	L	A	M	R	U	T
A	N	I	N	D	I	S	C	R	I	M	I	N	A	T	E	L	E	C	L
S	C	A	N	E	L	S	E	M	I	N	E	R	A	L	S	I	X	E	R
K	E	N	B	U	O	Y	W	I	N	G	K	I	D	S	F	I	N	S	
S	T	R	A	C	T	M	I	T	E	S	L	O	T	S	T	O	S	P	
S	L	A	K	E	W	A	D	S	R	O	W	M	A	L	E	W	A	V	E
S	I	E	G	E	D	A	Z	E	H	E	A	R	S	T	A	K	E	W	
P	E	R	E	T	I	D	E	R	E	S	P	E	C	T	I	V	E	B	A
A	S	S	F	I	N	E	S	I	R	E	N	U	R	S	E	D	A	R	T
T	B	E	N	T	M	I	N	E	R	S	M	A	T	B	U	R	D	E	N
F	A	R	L	E	Y	F	A	N	S	V	A	T	M	I	L	L	E	R	S
A	O	U	T	M	I	N	C	E	E	M	I	T	C	E	A	S	E	S	
S	O	U	R	R	E	B	E	L	S	D	E	C	E	A	S	E	L	O	A
H	A	G	O	A	N	E	V	I	A										
I	T	E	M	O	R	I	G	I	N	A	L	C	A	P	E	R	S	W	E
O	H	A	R	S	O	N	R	O	V	E	A	C	I	D	S	D	O	N	C
N	P	R	O	T	E	C	T	D	I	G	N	I	T	S	C	R	O	S	B
S	P	L	I	T	S	L	O	W	D	A	I	N	T	Y	F	O	O	L	R
R	U	N	S	M	O	T	H	S	T	R	O	Y	P	U	L	P	C	A	B
C	O	M	E	D	I	S	S	E	N	S	I	O	N	B	A	N	D	L	A
A	P	E	M	E	N	U	T	A	L	O	N	L	A	N	D	C	A	D	E
L	E	S	T	W	O	R	D	P	A	N	C	A	R	T	L	A	V	E	S
M	R	O	F	R	E	E	L	P	T	O	M	B	P	A	G	A	N	A	
N	S	O	O	N	S	P	O	T	F	A	M	E	R	I	D	E	C	O	N
E	A	T	R	O	D	I	C	E	A	X	E	S	A	V	E	F	E	R	N
S	N	E	A	K	U	N	C	O	N	S	T	I	T	I	O	N	A	L	
S	T	I	R	M	E	E	T	S	U	E	S	P	E	N	T	R	E	P	A
E	N	T	I	T	L	E	S	E	N	S	E	S	P	Y	A	M	A	I	N

VERTICAL

1. Shows.
2. This president has no office yet.



127. Formerly popular with the polka.
 134. An oil for troubled daughters.
 137. Right in line.
 138. The lowest position in the navy.
 140. Low.
 141. Sweet bread.
 142. Irritate.
 144. He makes you play ball.
 146. The little brown man.
 148. All Orientals carry these sticks.
 150. A water hole.
 151. The way of the White Way.
 153. Proper.
 155. It's always in the soup.
 155. A hood for men.
 156. A back way.
 158. A squealer.
 159. A bright thing to do.
 161. Take unlawful possession.
 162. Get out.
 162. The quick.
 163. The lodestone.
 165. Breathing space.
 166. Paralyze.
 166. Cheated.
 167. Gang up.
 169. Sample specimens.
 171. Resting place.
 174. The likes.
 178. It takes time to get this.
 179. Look after.
 181. This is nothing.
 183. Famous flying pair.
 183. A waste of use.
 185. Short laugh.
 185. Usually felt.
 186. Live.
 186. Give.
 187. A kind of pan.
 189. Assemble.
 191. This is down flat.
 193. Requires little thought.
 194. Pictured.
 196. A regretful character.
 197. Part of the inside tract.
 199. British prisons before reform.
 200. This talk means business.
 201. A fold that's double.
 202. One given to great self-respect.
 204. A neat way to do things.
 206. Vacancies.
 207. A sore point.
 208. This has a retiring nature.
 209. A strong solution.
 211. Even nudists wear this out.
 214. Something doing.
 215. Centers.
 216. Very much in order.
 218. Drawn out.
 220. A matter of course.
 221. Tear jerker.
 223. The hand of welcome.
 224. A night alarm.
 226. A catty thing to do.
 228. This provides a foot rest.
 230. A wood cutter.
 233. A legal thing.
 235. On the move.
 237. Medicine man.
 239. A dangerous crossing.

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 31)

34. One of these is not an internationally known tennis star:

Budge Von Cramm Stammers Austin Moody Shields Van Wie Wood

35. One of these statements is correct:

You can go only half-way into a tunnel.
An antediluvian is a person against love.
Maple sugar is obtained from honey and wine.
A hydrometer is used to measure the speed of hydroplanes.

36. When you say "skeet" you are:

shooing cats off a fence
designating a trap-shooting game
speaking of an old type of riding skirt
talking of a Hindu form of suicide by drinking

37. The words "If she wandered to China, I would hop an ocean liner, just to be with . . ." are from one of these well-known songs:

Sweet Sue My Gal Sal Dinah
That Dear Old Mother of Mine
Honeysuckle Rose

38. One word is incorrectly spelled in the following list:

asphalt sonambulist ragamuffin
isthmus mosaic hosanna chaotic

39. Transoceanic telephone-radio conversations are given privacy by:

whispering soundproof phone booths
talking only between 2 and 3 a.m.
sending on short-wave lengths
mechanically scrambling word sounds

40. A ball is used in all but one of these games:

bagatelle squash roulette badminton
soccer rugby bowling rackets

41. Mussolini's title Il Duce means in English:

The Sacred One The Dictator of Dictators
The Leader The Iron-Jawed The Aggressor

42. When friends speak of a water gap you know it is only:

a broken aqueduct the Prohibition Era
a mountain ridge cut through by a stream
a mass of land only dry at ebb tide

43. If your aunt is perspicacious she is:

a sharp-tongued old witch
in poor health addle-brained
keenly discerning too energetic

44. Upon meeting an Army officer with a small silver eagle on each shoulder you should say:

"Howdy, Sergeant!"
"Mornin', Lieutenant!"
"Good afternoon, Major!"
"Yes, Colonel!"

45. Jack Dempsey is now engaged in:

growing dabbias teaching dancing
running a restaurant training greyhounds

46. When you buy a "Feathertouch" fountain pen you buy a:

Parker Sheaffer Conklin Waterman

47. If someone gave you five pounds of humus you would sanely:

spread it on your flower beds
mix a fruit cake with it
feed it to the cat use it in your bath

48. A body of an automobile is to an automobile as a . . . is to an airplane:

stabilizer cowling cockpit fuselage
landing gear wing-spread tailfin

49. American race horses always run:

last clockwise counter-clockwise

50. The largest continent is:

Europe South America North America
Asia Africa Antarctica Australia
(Answers on page 51)

+

Number of correct answers.....
Multiply by two for score.....

+ +

BLANK VERSE

Fill in the following blanks with words which are appropriate to the rhyme and meter and which, at the same time, are true to fact.

A BOOT TOO SMALL

Mussolini is efficient,
And he wants a
State—so that in case of any future war,
His ambitious Fascist nation
Will not suffer
And his neighbors he politely can

To achieve this great ambition
And to strengthen his
Mussolini says his country must
So that minerals and
In abundance can be gotten
Thus to conquer he planned.
—J. B.

LIFE'S COVER TITLE CONTEST

YOU don't have to be a dog owner to appreciate the consternation of the hostess pictured on this month's cover (reproduced at the right). This picture doesn't really need a title but LIFE wants several, and will pay \$100 in cash prizes for them.

Has a good title occurred to you? If so, read the conditions of the contest and send in your suggestion. If not, read the rules anyway and then study the situation again. This is not a guessing contest; the picture has no title and there is no preconceived notion of what the title should be.

Conditions

LIFE will pay \$100 in cash prizes for the best titles for the picture on the front cover, reproduced on this page. By "best" is meant the cleverest and shortest. The first prize will be \$50, and there will be five other prizes of \$10 each.

Titles may be original or quotations from well known authors, but must not exceed twenty words. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges. In case of a tie, each tying contestant will receive the full award.

The contest will close November 20, and all entries received after that date will be considered ineligible.

Checks will be mailed to the winners



Title this picture!

+ +

about December 1st. The names of the winners will be announced in the January issue (on the newsstands December 20th).

Address all titles to LIFE's Title Contest, 60 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"Public Nuisance" Winners

Here are the winners of LIFE's Public

Nuisance No. 1 contest, announced in the September issue.

First prize—a round trip on the United Air Lines, coast to coast, with stop-over privileges—has been awarded to Miss Myra Keene, Bourne, Mass., who nominated Max Baer because: "The public pays to see him sock 'em back—not to grin and Baer it!"

Second prize of \$50 goes to C. E. Dakin of Mason City, Ia., who nominated Macfadden because: "A Butler spoils my appetite; Baer's sex show tireth me; a sudden Guests disturbs my rest; Macfadden does all three."

The five \$10 prizes have been awarded to the following runners-up:

Mrs. O. L. Clarke, Los Angeles, Cal., who nominated Edgar A. Guest because: "It takes a heap o' morons to make his spouts a pome." F. L. Sheffield, Washington, D. C., who nominated Gen. Smedley Butler because: "It seems to me I've heard his name connected with things that might border on being a bit Smedley." Percy Wynkoop, Philadelphia, Pa., who nominated Max Baer because: "He fights like an actor, but doesn't act like a fighter." John T. Seal, Ocean City, N. J., who nominated Max Baer because: "Even a king's jester never clowned at the wrong time." L. R. Treinis, Brooklyn, N. Y., who nominated Edgar A. Guest because: "His honey-sweet platitudes now reach all latitudes and weaken our gratitude for radio."

"THERE GOES A
MAN WHO TREATS
SCOTCH RIGHT"



"AND RYE AND
BOURBON, TOO!"

After all, what you want to taste in a highball is the full, fine flavor of the Scotch or Rye or Bourbon. Keen, tangy White Rock brings it out...points it up. *Keeps* it good to the end of the drink...That's because White Rock comes from only one place on earth—its own famous mineral springs, deep underground at Waukesha, Wisconsin.

White Rock

BETTER FOR YOU

OVER ON THE ALKALINE SIDE





VOL. 102

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2608

THE BRUTAL TRUTH

SO long as there are imperialistic powers and economic forces, we shall have wars. That is the final, brutal truth and there is no escaping the fact. Whether Mussolini carries out his aggression against Ethiopia is immaterial. If war is delayed now, it will be a delay and nothing more. When we continue to believe that peace will be assured if only we can get the proper men in office and subdue the warmongers in all walks of life, we fool ourselves. Wars are no longer made by individuals, no matter how power-crazed such individuals may be. Wars are caused by the crushing force of economic reactions. They are no more to be halted while the present set-up of the world remains intact than hurricanes are to be stopped by the storm warnings of weather bureaus.

What, then, remains for us? Is the world doomed? It is, unless it can be altered as it races to its end. Can America remain isolated from another World War? Again economics will speak louder than sentiment and louder than either fear or common sense. It is not a question of men being vicious or greedy or bloodthirsty. It is a question of business stagnating, men out of work and our ships resolutely kept off the seas and out of foreign markets. It is a question of the United States building another Chinese Wall and hiding itself behind its gates.

Congress says we must remain out of the next war, Mr. Hearst says we must remain neutral, all peace-loving citizens know that another world war will be fatal to civilization and perhaps deadly for all of us as individuals. Mussolini is threatening Ethiopia not because he is an inherent bully but because the inner conditions of Italy make aggression necessary if Fascism is to survive. The British are concerned with the League of Nations because of the threat to their African colonies. If they had been sincere about the League of Nations, they would have joined the United States in asking sanctions against Japan when that country invaded Manchuria.

We have nothing to gain from a war.

But, by the same reasoning, the world has nothing to gain from war. There are no victors and victims in modern warfare. There are only victims. Clear thinking will not save us from war but it will make war so understandable that we shall know how to fight it. So long as there are nations mad with nationalistic fervor and driven by economic pressure, there is no hope. We may feel that by remaining behind our Chinese Wall we can escape, but the same forces which drive Italy and Great Britain can also drive us. We may arm to the teeth,

we may shun every alluring prospect for profit which might drag us into war, but war is inevitable unless we alter the conditions under which wars are bound to flourish.

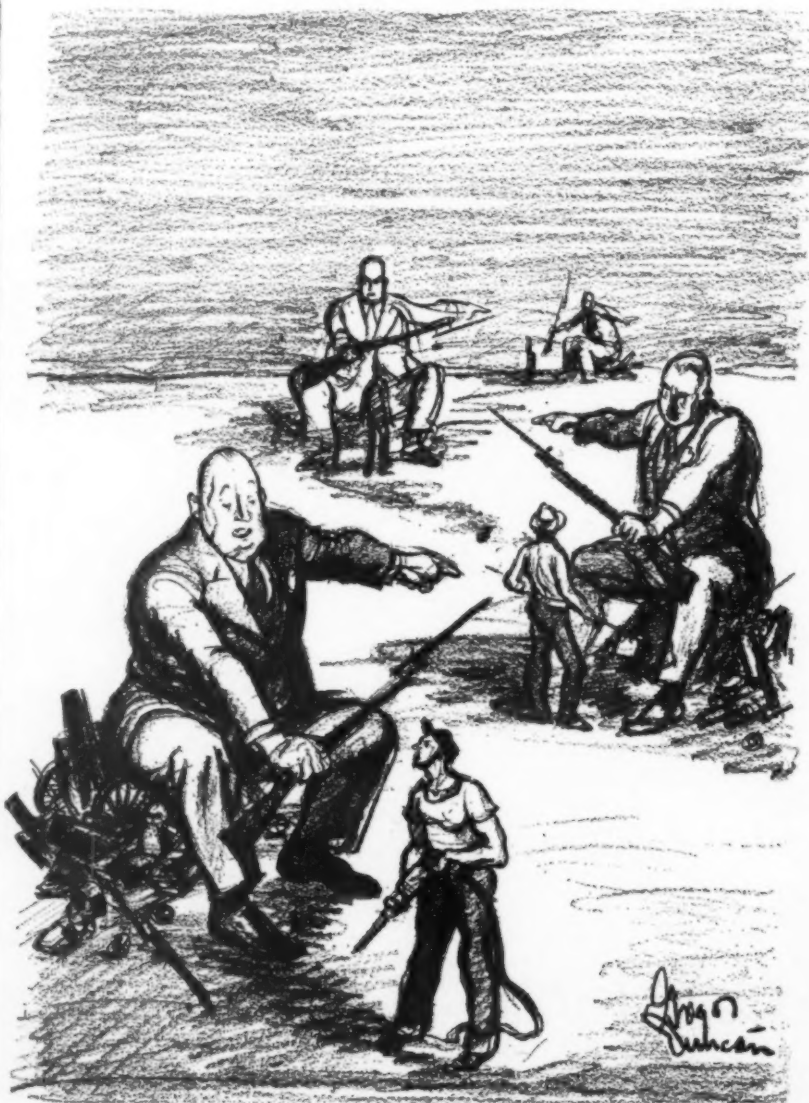
—K. S. C.

We wonder if some of the authors who write so confidently of what the world will be like a hundred years from now could tell us what it will be like six months from now.

From a consumer's standpoint the sensible thing for the government to do next would be to pay the retailers not to raise any prices.

The Democrats are wondering what Hoover is going to do, but they're not wondering about him half as much as the Republicans are.

Well, now that beer comes in cans our wife at last is able to serve us something decent for supper.



"Come on, don't be a slacker!"

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES — CORK-TIPPED



YOUR THROAT SAYS
...thank you

THOSE cork tips please your lips. The fine Turkish-Domestic tobaccos please your palate. The mild menthol brings a cool and thankful refreshment to your throat. Finally, the B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS is a constant source of gratification. Save them; they are good for a choice of attractive items of nationally advertised merchandise. (Write for latest illustrated premium list No. 10; offer good in U. S. A. only.) For a year of Thanksgiving smoking switch to KOOLS!

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES ... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES ... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

SPORTS PARADE

BY PAUL GALlico



Self-Cure

THE thing that will eventually eliminate the big coal miner or iron puddler from American football and the university campus, is not any sudden attack of conscience upon the part of the Alumni scouting committees, or unwillingness on the part of Universities to play a rousing fullback named Pryblzscinski-kowitz even though he signs his name with an "X" and is liable to be found holding his text-book upside down without knowing the difference, but the nature of the modern game itself. It is becoming too complicated for a dunce or even an illiterate to master.

I sat in one morning at one of Jock Sutherland's blackboard sessions at Camp Hamilton, where the Pitt football team does its intensive training before the season opens, and it seemed to me that any young man who could follow Jock, and contrive to pass the nightly written football quizzes, could also with a little application pass anything else in the curriculum. If you have ever seen any of Andy Kerr's Colgate football teams, you know that only a bright young man could belong, and do the things those boys do with a football. They say that when a football comes out of the Colgate backfield it has been handled so often it has callouses on it. Not even a lineman can count upon

being big and dumb any more. The center has become the mainstay of the defence and must be a master at analyzing an offense, the guards and the tackles come out of the line now and do all sorts of marvelous things, where formerly they merely biffed an opponent or fell down on their faces in the mud. The mentality and ingenuity displayed by the average Big League quarterback throughout a season should be enough to earn him a Phi Beta Kappa key without a struggle. There are still plenty of big slobbs earning board and keep for lugging footballs around, but the percentage is decreasing. They are a liability in the modern game.

I READ, with interest and enjoyment, S. A. Tannenbaum's piece on football uniforms and protective armor in last month's LIFE and would like to add a note of my own on modern football equipment. It has unquestionably crossed the border line of protective armor to the point where it has become a dangerous offensive weapon. The football helmet of today resembles in looks and construction a casque out of the Dark Ages, and would turn a sword cut about as well. The top is of iron-hard leather. An air space and webbing inside keeps it from fracturing the skull of its wearer. But propelled into an enemy by 190 pounds of speeding man it becomes a terrible weapon. One might as well be hit by an oak battering ram.

The football player now wears a



"I guess that book about whaling schooners got the best of him."

corselet beneath his jersey resembling the body armor of a 14th Century foot soldier, with shoulder cups of hard leather, as solid as the helmet, and hard leather over the breastbone and back. A smash in the face with head or shoulder is just as effective as though the player were wielding a mallet.

Under the pretext of protecting injured wrists and fingers, hands are taped with hard tape in such a manner that any prizefighter viewing them would scream with terror.

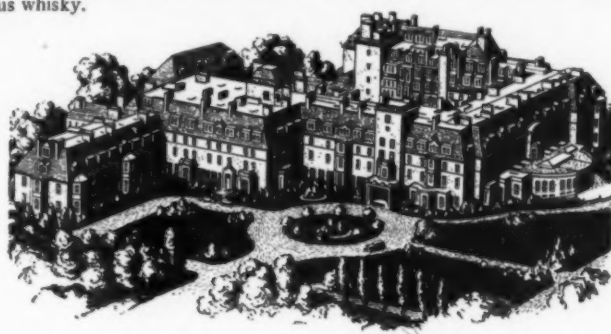
Face masks designed to protect players with broken noses, face injuries, or boys who wear glasses are dumped into the Officials' Room for an okay before game time and I have seen some of those passed for play. If you will look up a picture of a 15th century knight's helmet with barred visor you will see about the same thing. The visor is made of steel, heavily covered with black bicycle tape. The tape is supposed to protect the other fellow, but it's still steel underneath. If the contraption is strong enough to protect a man with a broken nose from onslaught it is also strong enough to hurt another player in violent collision. No wonder the faces of kids who have had four or five years of high-pressure football begin to age and thicken like the features of punch-drunk fighters.

Cocky

WHAT threatened to become the sweetest amateur golf championship in all history wound up in a grand dog fight when William Lawson Little of California and Walter Emery of Oklahoma tangled in the thirty-six-hole finals. Emery, a winning, cocky kid, ended a week of "That's-fine-old-man, — beautiful-shot — fine-drive," and other orchid throwing, culminating in the Johnny Goodman-Lawson Little semi-final match at the conclusion of which, when Little won 4 and 3, the two young men fell into one another's arms and bussed one another like a couple of chorines meeting on the corner of Broadway and 43rd Street. Young Mr. Emery made it strictly a grudge fight. He pulled the best line of the tournament with his luncheon order on the final day when he brought the champion in all square for the first eighteen holes, after being one down on the 17th, and said to the waiter, "Boy, bring me two lettuce and tomato sandwiches and a bottle of beer, and take an aspirin tablet in to Mr. Little."

The kid was a scrapper, cocky and pleasantly cantankerous. But Little had

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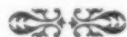
In making Johnnie Walker, 100% old Scotch whiskies are blended, "married" in the cask, to keep ever uniform the flavour and mellow smoothness you know. Johnnie Walker Red Label is 8 years old. (Black Label, 12). Every drop is bottled in bond under the supervision of the government of the United Kingdom.

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L-1



the golf. Three up on the sixteenth tee, and needing but a half to win, he declined to back into the championship. He gave young Mr. Emery what is popularly known as the works, when he blasted a brassie second home on a 512-yard hole, and sank the putt for an eagle three. Emery got a birdie four which is usually good enough to win a 512-yard hole. In this instance it wasn't even good enough to tie.

Mugging Match

I WAS in Cleveland pursuing the golfers when the news came that Wilmer Allison had dumped Fred Perry out of the national tennis championships and into the arms of matrimony, but I did get to see Mr. Perry play Mr. Frank Shields in what was billed as a quarter final match but which was really for the tennis championship of the motion picture studios. Mr. Perry won the toss, and without a moment's hesitation elected to face the newsreel cameras at the south end of the stands, forcing his rival to play the first game with his back to them. Mr. Shields, however, who has a motion picture contract with M.G.M., consolidated his position as a coming screen star by causing four debutantes in the third row to swoon from sheer sympathy as he lost the match.

Good Night Monk

THE morning after the Baer-Louis fight, one of the Hearst string dutifully printed a photograph of Mr. Brisbane's deathless gorilla, and allowed that the monk would still win. I do not quarrel with newspaper publishers but this time I think they are wrong. If they ever make that match, I do not think I care for a piece of the gorilla. If they ever got beyond the second round without interference from the S.P.C.A., Joe Louis of Detroit unquestionably would emerge from the encounter wearing the gorilla's fur coat.

The last three men that Louis has fought—Carnera, Levinsky and Max Adelbert Baer—have been individually and collectively as close to Pithecanthropus Erectus as it is humanly possible to get in this day and age, and he destroyed the ugly trio in a little less than a total of eleven rounds. The largest of these apes, Carnera, was rescued, dazed and helpless, by a humane official, and the other two named showed that the last hundred billion years have not been in vain. They had the intelligence to quit before they were killed.

Baer, the man with the killing punch (two men died as the result of fighting him) and the wing spread of a Gibbons, was punched so appallingly that hundreds in the great crowd looked away from the distressing spectacle. Baer is officially credited with having resigned after two minutes and fifty seconds of

the fourth round when he listened to the count of ten on one knee, and later confessed that he might have been able to arise. But, actually, he quit in the first round when Louis, in a free-swinging punching spree, made him stop dead, back up and call it a day. He remained in the inclosure for three more rounds thereafter, because Jack Dempsey, who was in his corner as a second, was blocking the way out, but he did no more fighting. And before he succumbed he took a two-handed beating around the head and body that must have been comparable to driving an automobile into a tree at sixty miles an hour. He looked just about like that when the fight was over. Rated off his last three fights, Louis looks like one of the greatest if not the greatest heavyweight of all time. If they are going to make that match with the gorilla, I am giving three to one the chimp is up in the chandelier after two minutes.

+

We see where Primo Carnera is thinking about taking up wrestling, but we never knew he had quit the game. (Other sport notes on pages 2 and 42)



FACULTY MINDS



"DON'T get married unless you want to raise a family, and don't start raising a family unless you want to get married."—Dean R. A. Lyman, Pharmacy, Univ. of Neb.

"Men are vainer than women. That's why they don't wear make-up. They think they don't need it."—Prof. David C. Cabeen, French, Vanderbilt Univ.

"The Sears-Roebuck catalogue is of inestimable value to the farmer."—Prof. Max Fisch, Philosophy, Western Reserve Univ.

"After all, everything—art, education, happiness and even love—is dependent on the price of pig iron."—Prof. Harry Turney-High, Sociology, Univ. of Mont.

"A child of two months is not capable of imbibing the concepts of chemistry."—Prof. Davis, Chemistry, N. Y. U.

"If you make people think that they think, they will love you; but if you really make them think, they will hate you."—Prof. Roscoe B. Ellard, Journalism, Univ. of Mo.

"A real Hollander can buy from a Jew and sell to a Scotchman, make a profit on both deals and still keep out of the penitentiary."—Prof. Edw. H. Gumbart, Economics, Conn. State College.

"Rich people know how to avoid having children."—Prof. G. M. Darlington, Economics, Univ. of Neb.

"What Cleopatra didn't have, she didn't need."—Dean H. L. Hughes, Arts and Sciences, Louisiana Polytechnic Institute.

"I would make a good criminal if I weren't honest."—Prof. Edw. C. Tolman, Psychology, Univ. of Cal.

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable items. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]



Some like Rye



Some like Scotch



Some like Bourbon



BUT EVERYONE LIKES "Canadian Club"

Even if all three groups were among your guests, you would need but *one* brand of whisky to delight them all. That is one of the satisfying things about Hiram Walker's "Canadian Club". Clear around the world, this fully mellowed, special old whisky hits the fancy of a myriad of varied tastes. And the reason is: "Canadian Club" has so many friend-winning characteristics. It is soft and light of body, with that distinctly *clear*, smooth flavor found only in this thoroughbred of whiskies. And so Hiram Walker suggests: *Make it "Canadian Club" and please them all.* R-134

SIX YEARS OLD... BOTTLED IN BOND IN CANADA

"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 2)

southwest game . . . **Pitt-Fordham**, great game in New York, but I'm going out to Ohio State . . . **Stanford-Santa Clara**, with Santa Clara usually loaded for this one . . . **California-U.C.L.A.**, another hot one . . . **Alabama-Kentucky**, amidst soft southern drawls and pretty sponsors . . . **Tennessee-Duke**.

Harvard-Brown, 50-50 . . .

Army-Mississippi State College. Tsk-tsk-tsk.

November 9

Harvard-Princeton, fine brawl . . . **Army at Pittsburgh**, one of the best games of the season . . . **Penn-Navy** . . . **Michigan-Illinois**, always a sweetheart . . . **Minnesota-Iowa** . . . **Southern Methodist-U.C.L.A.** . . . **Fordham-St. Mary's**, never a dull moment . . . **Stanford-Southern California**. This may be for the Coast Championship . . . **California-Washington**, another hot one . . .

Yale-Brown . . . **Columbia-Syracuse** . . . **Ohio State-Chicago** . . . **Alabama-Clemson**, and **Tennessee-Michigan**.

November 16

Tough one to pick. Choice between **Navy-Columbia** and **Notre Dame-Army**. Of course you'll go to see the traditional Army game, but **Navy-Columbia** may be better . . . **Ohio State-Illinois** might be a test . . . **Michigan-Minnesota** . . . **Pitt-Nebraska** . . . probably Pitt's toughest game . . . **U.S.C.-Washington State** . . . **Alabama-Georgia Tech** . . . **Tennessee-Vanderbilt**. This is a pip of a southern game.

Princeton-Lehigh. Not much color . . . **Southern Methodist-Arkansas** . . . **Stanford-Montana** . . . **California-College of the Pacific**.

Harvard-New Hampshire. Breathing spell . . . **Fordham-Muhlenberg**.

Horse Show. November 6, for one week; National Horse show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Good for a look at fine horses, Society, horsey people, and laughs.

Hockey. November 14, Madison Square Garden; opening of the hockey season, the annual reappearance of assault and battery, mayhem and blinding speed on skates.

BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

Breakdown, by Robert Briffault (*Coward-McCann*). The author of **Europa** deals with the political and economic scene in a book which has no equal for lucidity and intensity. Should be read by everybody who cares anything about his own welfare.

Horse Shoe Bottoms, by Tom Tippet (*Harper's*). A warm and true account of life around the coal mines, with miners for the first time not be-

ing animals who are driven under ground at the point of the gun but human beings who like the life when they are permitted to like it by rapacious interests.

Mary Queen of Scotland, by Stefan Zweig (*Viking*). Excellently done but I'm sick to death of the lady. There should be laws in all countries allowing for one last definitive statement on such subjects and then no more under pain of indictment.

The History of Western Civilization, by Harry Elmer Barnes (*Harcourt*). An exhaustive and provocative analysis of the forces which have made our civilization, with a bit of hesitant and inconclusive reasoning on ways to correct our cockeyed world. 2 vols.

Vein of Iron, by Ellen Glasgow (*Harcourt*). The story of a hard-fibred woman who lives through the depression with valor because it is part of her being. I mark it green because it is conscientiously and well done. By some aberration I have never been a Glasgow enthusiast.

War Memoirs of Robert Lansing (*Bobbs-Merrill*). If you approve of a Secretary of State who plotted to drag the country into the war when the official policy of the government was strict neutrality, you will consider Mr. Lansing admirable. If you feel that the loss of 250,000 men was an exorbitant price for a war which did not end all war, you may find his actions treasonable. The book will clarify your views on the matter.

We Who Are About to Die, by David Lamson (*Scribner's*). An amazing document by the young Stanford professor who was convicted of murdering his wife and who is now awaiting his third trial. This is a straightforward account of his life in the Condemned Row at San Quentin.

White Ladies, by Francis Brett Young (*Harper's*). Superb writing about nothing whatever. The lady wants the old house and marries the man who owns it to get it. A perfect example of what happens to a talented author when he resolutely shuts himself off from life.

Murder & Mystery

The Three Coffins, by John Dickson Carr (*Harper's*). **The Boomerang Clue**, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd Mead*). **Death Cuts a Cap**, by David Magarshack (*Holt*). **A Most Immoral Murder**, by H. Ashbrook (*Coward McCann*). **Burn Forever**, by Leslie Ford (*Farrar and Rinehart*). **Mr. Pinkerton Omnibus**, by David Frome (*Farrar and Rinehart*). **Murder at the Piano**, by George Bagby (*Covici-Friede*). **The Cunning Mulatto**, by Ellis Parker (*Smith and Haas*).

The Battle of Basinghall Street, by E. P. Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). **The Skull of the Waltzing Clown**, by Harry Stephen Keefer (*Dutton*). **Murder in Black**, by Francis Guerson (*Appleton-Century*).

RECORDS

Jubilee Medley and Top Hat Medley. Here, neatly captured on two 12-inch records, is a sample of the fine work of Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, and the *Victor* Recording Laboratory. Who could ask for more? These two belong in anybody's record library.

Brand New Suit and A Thief in the Night (*Victor*). The irrepressible "Fats" Waller works out on a couple of tunes from the Schwartz-Dietz show, *At Home Abroad*.

Moon With a Hangover and The Girl I Left Behind. *Brunswick* records by Hal Kemp and his Orchestra. With a title like that could this help but be a smash? Hal has taught us to expect a lot from his band and, as usual, we're not let down on these two.

Home Ties and Ole Faithful, Don Bestor and his Orchestra. These are supposed to be sweetly sad, but they turn out sadly awful. *Brunswick*, how could you?

Body and Soul and After You're Gone (*Victor*). More real music is produced by Benny Goodman's clarinet, Teddy Wilson's piano, and Gene Krupa's drums than some of the alleged *maestros* can achieve with twenty instruments.

The King and The Queen and The Cure. Dwight Fiske on *Victor* records. This Fiske has a million worshippers but is no great weakness of mine. I get mad.

Barrel House Blues and I Can't Give You Anything but Love (*Victor*). Another hot combination headed by Ramona and including the Teagarden boys and Dick McDonough. The mere presence of these three makes 'em classics.

China Girl and Avalon. The *Brunswick* Corp. redeems itself with these two nifties by the Casa Loma band. They're old but they're good.

Red Sails and Prairie Moon (*Victor*). Al Bowlly accompanied by Ray Noble's Orchestra. Al, though not our favorite vocalist, does a good job on these two, the first of which is a big hit in England.

Why Shouldn't I?, Me and Marie and the other tunes from *Jubilee* are well done by the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra on *Decca*. This outfit's record of **Stop, Look, and Listen** may also be mentioned again now that Paul Whiteman has cut the tune for *Victor*. The Dorseys' *Decca* is still the best, Paul. —D. T.

"GO" PLACES

Central Park Casino. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for the dancing in this justly popular restaurant. Advisable to dress.

Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56. Dancing and sporadic supper entertainment by various and sundry in a smartly outfitted spot. Others answering the same description: the **Mon Paris**, 142 E. 53 (recommended for its good food); the **Normandie**, 112 Central Park

South; **Stork Club**, 3 East 53; **Town Casino Club**, 9 W. 52; and the **Versailles**, 151 E. 50. Advisable to dress at most of these.

Flying Trapeze, 217 W. 57. Good place to drop in for a drink and a meal while you gaze at aerial artists, the town's longest bar, and about two thousand waiters and chefs. Music and dancing.

French Casino, 7th Ave. at 50. Just about the top in the Big Broadway Cabaret field. A lot of fun with a floor show which includes the customary galaxy of gorgeous gals. Similar, and also going strong, are the **Hollywood**, B'way at 48th; the **Paradise**, B'way at 49th; and the **Congress**, B'way at 51st.

Jim Healy's, 62 W. 52. One of the best of the many honky-tonks on this block. This dept.'s favorite nite-spot comics, Jack White and Joe Frisco, dish up amusing nonsense a-plenty in the late hours.

Luchow's, 110 E. 14. Excellent food at one of the town's oldest restaurant-landmarks. Other places notable for their fine victuals: **Billy the Oysterman's**, 7 E. 20; **LaHiff's Tavern**, 156 W. 48.

New Savoy Room at the Savoy-Plaza. A brand new addition to the town's smart night life. Dwight Fiske sings at supper and Dick Gasparre's Orchestra plays for dancing. Must dress. 5th Ave. at 58.

Onyx Club, 72 W. 52. Hot music is the *pièce de résistance* here. Red McKenzie's singing and Mike Reilly's antics have made this place very popular with the Broadway crowd.

Persian Room in the Hotel Plaza, 5th Ave.

at 58th. Eddie Duchin's Orchestra in one of the most impressive dining rooms in town. Must dress.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Ray Noble's Orchestra, a turntable dance floor, and a 65th floor location make this what it is: the most dramatic restaurant in town.

Must dress if you don't want to go to the **Rainbow Grill** on the same floor.

The Cotton Club, 142nd at Lenox. Colored floor show featuring Cora La Redd who sings and dances *Truckin'*, one of the easiest to watch and hardest to do dance steps this dep't has ever experienced. —D. T.



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MADAME, if your husband's surly pipe reminds you of burning rubber, won't you please remind him to get a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco? Yes, it's that milder blend of Kentucky Burleys you've admired in other men's pipes. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool on the tongue, fragrant on the nose. It's so much milder to smoke and better to smell that you'll both be happier when he tries it. Buy him a tin this very day!

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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

QUEERESPONDENCE

FOLLOWERS of this department have a perfect right to know that our recent discussion of screwy summer cottage names, i.e., "Lurch Inn," "Hang-over House," "Nobody Home" and the like, elicited several letters from appreciative souls, among them being Alice P. Lazelle of Montpelier, Vt., who vouchsafes that, on Route No. 2 between Montreal and Quebec, there is a set of overnight cabins labeled "Emma's Step Ins."

Eschewing all potential wisecracks we shall content ourselves with urging all readers to inform us of similar examples of native wit so that by the time the spring harbingers go on their harbings we shall be in a position to present a compendium of choice cottage and cabin names. The financial arrangements for acceptable items will be worked out later. I'd like to send every reader a retaining fee of one dollar but am unable to do so because of controls beyond my circumstances.

Meanwhile there are important queeries to be answered. "Has the entire top layer of a box of chocolates," writes Frank Fisher of Houghton, Mich., "ever been eaten before some one has filched a few choice pieces from the bottom layer?"

Candy makers have long known that this custom can't be discouraged, and gave up worrying about it in 1904. There were two theoretically fool-proof boxes on the market at that time but neither one turned out to be worthy of sour balls, even. One, the invention of Frank Goocy (inventor of the Goocy filling for candy) was made of tin, and the bottom layer of chocolates was sealed in by a steel plate which was soldered into place. The upper layer of sweetmeats was placed on the steel plate (insulated from it by the conventional paper mattress) and the paper lace and tin top then covered the whole business. "Bottom-Layer-Pokers" (as they are called in the trade) were thus discouraged from disturbing the bottom layer until the top layer had been consumed, pineapple centers and all.

Two methods of getting at the bottom layer were advocated: (1) a blowtorch to melt the solder and (2) a sharp blow with a sledge to bash in the steel plate. The blowtorch, of course, fused the candy into a solid mess and was generally discarded in favor of the hammer which did the work with little pounding. (This accounts for the "one-, two- and five-pound box" idea.) But this box, as I have said, never set the

world on fire. (Mr. Goocy set his factory on fire once while experimenting with a blowtorch but the blaze was extinguished before firemen could do any damage.)

The other box, invented by a Philip Heckendorn of Oak Park, Ill., consisted merely of two single-layer, paste-board boxes glued bottom to bottom. Candy was placed in one unit of the box, the box was then turned over and the other side was filled. The box had two tops—one top on the top and one top on the bottom . . . I mean, it had, you might say, a top top and a bottom top. . . . That is, it all depended on the way you looked at it. . . . No matter. If the candy consumer didn't like any of the bonbons in the top layer he could turn the box over and poke around in the bottom layer, which was then the top layer, the top layer having become the bottom layer, and no harm done.

This box might have become popular but never got to first base, because workers in the Heckendorn box factory struck for higher wages three times the first month, and a manufacturer can't do much when he starts out with three strikes against him.

"I HAVE been looking for a tennis sock since the Fourth of July," writes Moses E. Hankins of Newark, N. J. "I looked in every nook and cranny, high and low, all summer but in vain. Yesterday, while looking for my lime squeezer, I found the sock. Has any one ever found anything he was looking for without finding something else instead?"

No, sir, no one ever has. The thing to do, when you lose something, is to look for it in the most unlikely places. Then, when you fail to find it, you'll at least have a good laugh for ever think-



ing you would find it in any of those places and the whole thing will be washed up. In your case, Mr. Hankins, the best way to have found a sock would have been to look for trouble. But I'm glad you mentioned nooks and crannies because it reminds me of a somewhat complicated story about some G-men who were trying to locate a lot of ransom money. They traced it to a gang hideout on a goat farm—fix that in your mind—and started looking for the bills in ever nook and cranny, finally discovering them in every crook and nanny. Hmmm. . .

"DID any one," asks Catherine Ann Kelley of Springfield, Mass., "ever order a Special 65c Luncheon without attempting to obtain substitutes for one or more of the items?"

Much has been written about persons who order this type of "No Substitutes" luncheon and who, in spite of the rules, ask for fried instead of mashed potatoes, and vanilla ice cream instead of peach upside down cake. It remains for us, however, to report the unique practice of a Rochester, N. Y., restaurant which, knowing human nature, advertises a Special Luncheon and not only encourages substitutions but demands them.

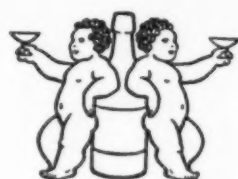
"We made it a rule last year," said the manager when interviewed, "never to take an order for a special lunch without taking the initiative in the substitution argument. Changes are compulsory here. We discourage the radical type of person who wants the luncheon just as it is printed on the menu, and during the past year we have had only one such person. He was a two-by-four cluck who didn't know any better and he wanted the luncheon exactly as advertised, including the spinach. We considered this incident a blotch on our record until someone happily suggested that spinach, after all, was in itself a substitute for a vegetable."

This restaurant also advertises a Mystery Hash which has never enjoyed any great popularity, due probably to a sign on the wall of the place stating very distinctly that the management is not responsible for hash and coats.

Current News Flash: If Mussolini ever gets his hooks into Ethiopia, there will undoubtedly be a revival of that old nifty, "So long, Abyssinia!" End of Flash.

Readers are invited to submit questions to this department. Five dollars will be paid for those accepted for answer.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS



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the choicest Wines
and Liquors



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I used to gulp my
cocktails too, but
since I started having
them mixed with

CINZANO VERMOUTH

ITALIAN AND FRENCH

I've become a sipper



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CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON



OCCASIONAL-
LY I encounter a book which has the same effect upon me as a team I am backing which is three runs behind in the seventh inning. Because I am so intensely interested in the material of the novel and so anxious that it be a great book, I find myself urging it along toward victory, literally carrying it on my shoulders and getting the feeling that if I can only hold out we'll win. This is how I have felt about Tom Tippet's *Horse Shoe Bottoms* (Harper's).

It is the story of a coal mine and I am the son of a coal miner. When the tears came to my eyes at the concluding scenes of the funeral of John Stafford, I had no way of knowing whether I was moved by Mr. Tippet's art or by my own memories. I know only that the book is the truest picture of coal mining and coal miners I have ever read. If I wanted it to be a great book it is with all sense of martyrdom because it is the book I have always been intending to write myself.

I once wrote a short story in which a young fellow who has batted about at various jobs is finally overjoyed at getting back home to the mines. Every editor who read it praised it and offered to buy it if I would think up another ending. Their readers would simply never believe that anybody could be happy around a coal mine. This is the ordinary impression. The fact that men can allow themselves to be cooped up underground like moles is too much for most people. What Tippet has done is to show the clannishness of the miners and their love of the life. It is not coal mining which is bad but conditions in coal mining—intermittent work, small pay, dangerous working quarters, company stores, company thugs and cruel mismanagement.

Horse Shoe Bottoms is a fine warming story. It will win no prizes but it will give you a new idea and a true idea of a section of life which

may hitherto have repulsed you. The characters of John and Ellen Stafford, Sam and Eliza Evans, Old Peg, Sam Haywood, little George Dodd, Charlie Britton and Old Bill, who first owned the mine and was later to lose it to the bankers, are as real to me as the mining people I lived with. With me that is rather the ultimate of praise.

The Worker Writers

BACK in 1930 a gentleman named Michael Gold contributed a book review to the *New Republic* on Thornton Wilder. There isn't room here to tell you what he said about Wilder and his lily painting of a dear deceased past but it was enough to break the heart of every nice person who had ever swooned over *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. The uproar which followed can scarcely be imagined even in this hardened era when you can get a punch on the nose at practically any street corner. The magazine printed indignant letters from both sides until the editors threatened to quit from overwork. It was the start of the great proletarian-ivory tower-propaganda feud which is still raging. At that time Gold and Joseph Freeman and Joshua Kunitz had all the pleasures of fighting to themselves. By the look of a book which has just reached me, *Proletarian Literature in the United States* (International), they can rest on their laurels from now on. There are many excellent young people ready and able to take their places.



It is an amazing book. Even those who have been hoping that proletarian literature was good will be agreeably surprised when they see the pick of it in one volume. Nobody who cares anything about American literature will be able to overlook it. There are short stories by such men as Erskine Caldwell, Robert Cantwell, James T. Farrell and Edwin Seaver; poems by Kenneth Fearing, Alfred Hayes, Isidor Schneider, Langston Hughes and H. H. Lewis; reportage by John Dos Passos, Meridel Le Seuer, Agnes Smedley and John L. Spivak; plays by Clifford Odets, Paul Peters and John Wexley; Criticism by Malcolm Cowley, Granville Hicks and Bernard Smith.

What a fine writer can do when he is stirred deeply is seen in the article Ernest Hemingway contributed to a recent issue of the *New Masses* on the death of the veterans on Key West in the Florida hurricane. Nothing more magnificent and blazingly intense could possibly be written. Because of this and his other recent article on war, I take back every hard thing I've ever said about Hemingway.

If the gentlemen prefer the writing of the sweet Mr. Francis Brett Young instead of a Hemingway ablaze with in-



"Whadda you say we paint the town red tonight?"

dignation and violence, the idea pleases me. Mr. Young is now on his fourth of an unending litter of novels about the Black Country. The latest is *White Ladies* (Harper's) and retails the zeal of Arabella Tinsley to capture and refurbish White Ladies, an ancient house which was originally a nunnery. To do it, she marries a Mr. Hugo Pomfret, who owns the house. The entire novel is taken up with the fight between Arabella seeking to spend the family money on restoring the house and the family trying to keep her from it. It all takes place against the industrial setting of the towns of Halesby, Mawne and Brom-



Mr. Otis forgets

MRS. OTIS REGRETS!

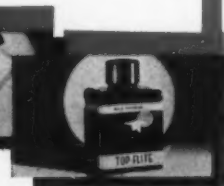


Many a wife knows that her husband could do better, if he did not forget certain fundamentals of good grooming...including the fact that, in these nervous times, a perspiration deodorant must be used daily.

TOP-FLITE DEODORANT is a man's deodorant...a powder, not a paste. It permits you to perspire...but eliminates any offensive odor for many hours after use.

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But should she absent-minded be,
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When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax,
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Time in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



LIFE ON SALE
THE 20th
OF EVERY MONTH



with on the River Stour and the family might as well have been living on the Stour on a raft for all Mr. Young considered them as being part of their background. Everything came from the industry, everything lives on the industry, the industry is all around them and yet the good Mr. Young, very daintily, keeps it in its place, which is to say outside the book. I can think of nothing to say about Mr. Young except that he is either a singularly insensitive or strangely blind gentleman.

I HAVEN'T had time to read H. L. Davis's *Honey in the Horn*, the Harper's Prize novel, entirely, but it starts out as a good book and the use of the rich language (not dialect) of the Northwest country is very effective. So far as I know it hasn't been done in this way before. Davis, as the narrator, tells the tale as if he were one of the woodguys himself. But the book I liked best of anything lately was *Nine Plays*, by George Bernard Shaw (Dodd, Mead). They represent the middle period of the old boy and explain to me why some people are mentally alive at seventy and others sound like F. Scott Fitzgerald at thirty-five.

Since it's a Robert Briffault year (his *Europa* is a big sensation as I warned you), you should also read his *Breakdown* (Coward-McCann). It's a reprint, with an additional 25,000 words, of a book buried by a terrible publisher three years ago. The amazing thing is that the ideas expressed then have all come true and the book sounds now as if it had been written last Wednesday.

(For other notes, see page 42)

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 23)

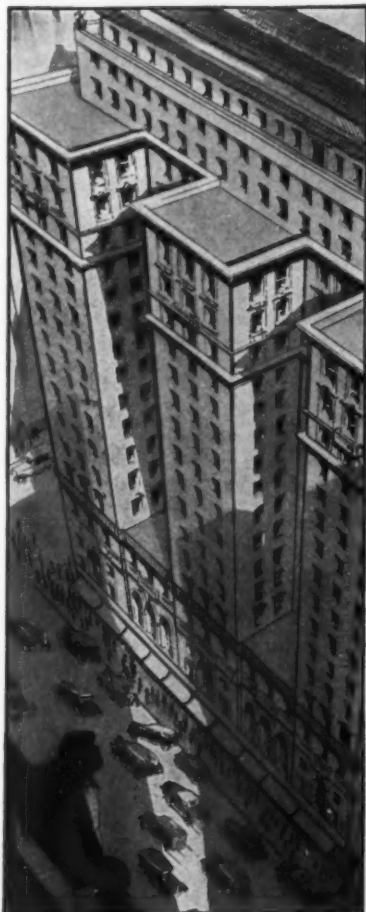
native author that Mr. Kreuger had been murdered either by his cast-off mistress and her gangster lover, one Guts Regan, or by his best banker friend—which, it was up to the jury to decide. Did his former mistress and her gunman beau substitute a racketeer's corpse that looked like Kreuger and so allow Kreuger to escape to Buenos Aires, or did they really kill Kreuger, or did John Graham Whitfield, the banker, murder the aforesaid racketeer under the belief that he was Kreuger, or did Al Woods put money in the wrong show, or doesn't it all make any sense, no it doesn't.

Even at such rare moments as the audience hopefully thought that at last the stuff was going to make an iota of sense, everything again promptly went screwy with actors suddenly hopping out of seats in the auditorium, yelling their heads off, and crawling all over the audience's toes. I myself seemed to be placed in a particularly unfortunate section of the house, as the producer had picked out the seats directly behind me for a number of these performers who, just as I would start to concentrate upon the play, would jump to their feet, shout like mad, gesticulate wildly, and dash down the aisle and up onto the stage, in their flight knocking off my glasses, rumpling my hair, stepping on my hat, and otherwise putting me into a frame of mind where even something like *Anything Goes* or a magnum of Bollinger would be a bore.

Plays and shows of all sorts now began to descend in a thick rain. Few



"Well, that killed half an hour."



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Are Chosen, by Nora Lawlor, the tale of the emotional and spiritual struggles of the young sisters in a convent, got nowhere because of the author's playwriting ineptitude. Her characters talked their feelings instead of feeling them and discussed their acts instead of acting them.

Life's Too Short, by John Whedon and Arthur Caplan, was a commonplace rehash of cobwebbed theatrical materials, all the more surprising because it was gravely sponsored by the once alive and kicking Jed Harris. A lot of good acting by a company that included Leslie Adams, Priestly Morrison and Doris Dalton was thrown away on a script that instead should have been. *Remember The Day*, by Philo Higley and Philip Dunning, has all kinds of weaknesses as critically reputable drama but nevertheless enjoys a measure of pleasant sentimental attraction that, in these tough mugg days, is not too insalubrious. The tale is of a small boy and his young school-teacher and it carries with it moments of gentle and tender humor. Francesca Bruning is a charming and lovely school-teacher and little Frankie Thomas, despite a potential Equity look and matinee hair, plays the worshipful youngster with much naturalness. And the flock of school kids have, for a change, a welcome non-greasepaint air.

In the department of musical shows, *At Home Abroad*, by the Messrs. Dietz and Schwartz, takes the season's first prize. Although some of the sketches are pretty feeble, the rest of the exhibit is guaranteed by this critical counsel to give you a very nifty time. Beatrice Lillie has some excellent comic material and has never been in such happy trim; the hoofing of Paul Haakon and Eleanor Powell is of a superior brand; Ethel Waters' Negro singing is as warmly insinuating as African rain; and the costuming, décor and general staging by Vincente Minnelli are far better than anything that the Shuberts have ever before displayed.

The deadline here, in the midst of plenty, cries halt. Suffice it therefore temporarily to hint that *If This Be Treason*, by the Rev. John H. Holmes and Reginald Lawrence, is a jingo peace tract and that *Blind Alley*, by James Warwick, is a psychoanalytical melodrama that provides a lively theatrical evening.

(Other comments on page 2)

+

Hiding part of the country's gold reserve out there in Kentucky is probably just a matter of cache as cache can.

SLIPPED ON A ROCK AND SPRAINED ANKLE



Absorbine Jr. soon relieved the pain

*ON a hunting trip, far up in the wilds of northern Canada, J. G. slipped on a rock and gave his ankle a bad wrench.

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*Based on actual letter from our files.

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THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 24)

Oberon and Fredric March and Herbert Marshall—this story of two friends who loved the same girl and went to war and came back again . . . one blind. Miss Oberon here steps definitely into the top dozen, Mr. Marshall is good as usual, and Mr. March is the fine, restrained, un-smug actor which we wish he would be all the time. (I don't know anybody who can be so good and so bad, in different pictures.)

Top Hat

IF I had to have somebody bothering me with noise in the apartment above, I don't know anybody I'd rather have doing it than Fred Astaire. Miss Ginger Rogers has this kind of Astaire trouble in *Top Hat*, and goes upstairs to tell him to cut out that tap dancing so she can sleep. This is the start of another Fred Astaire dancing film, which is of more significance to the world right now than the Ethiopian war or the dissolution of the utility folding companies. A film perfectly blank except for a few Fred Astaire dances would be well worth sitting through, and I dare some producer to give us just such a film some time; I'll wager it would succeed—and save him a lot of money.

Top Hat comes as near to being a carbon copy of *The Gay Divorcee* as the law would allow RKO to make without paying royalties to Cole Porter, and RKO rates a kickintheance for

not trying harder to think up something new. I'd like, for example, to see them give Ginger Rogers a part which would not require her to pout through most of the picture. For the first three-fourths of this film, she has no twink; seems to be just a good-looking girl speaking lines for money. She is utterly unimpressive as a lofty lady. But when she went into her single song, there towards the end, I wondered if, after all, the girl hasn't a touch of talent.

Annapolis Farewell

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL is a good example of a lop-sided movie. Though Richard Cromwell and Tom Brown are in the foreground, it gradually dawns on you that the picture isn't about them at all; it is about that dithering old bore of a retired naval officer, played by Sir Guy Standing, in the only bad performance I've ever seen him give. He is supposed to be a bore, and he surely is. He is so mushy about a boat that he commanded in the Battle of Manila, that he goes screwy when he hears she is to be used for target practice, and he sneaks out in a row boat and goes aboard her and goes down with her when they shoot holes in her. (That must have sounded swell across the lunch table.) All this explains why the story never gets going about Richard Cromwell and Tom Brown and the girl; there simply isn't any story about them. The story is away over there to the side, about Sir Guy Standing. It is a lopsided movie.

(Other notes on page 2)



"I sort of know her indirectly. You see, our dog knows their dog."

ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 31 and 34)

1. They're spawning.
2. Across the bleak Arctic tundra—.
3. Light (but Malcolm Campbell is catching up to it).
4. Heating to 149° F.
5. Be Prepared.
6. Kools.
7. "You're PEE-nal-ized!"
8. Room only (maid extra).
9. Malay Peninsula.
10. The U. S. Capitol dome is made of iron (Amelia Earhart is 37).
11. Walter Johnson (the baseball pitcher).
12. Vacuum over wings.
13. Mercedes-Benz.
14. Vicissitudes.
15. Novel by Mary Pickford.
16. Whiskers.
17. Ex-Lax.
18. Irving Berlin.
19. Two.
20. Cut surface of a gem.
21. "As through an Alpine village passed" (from Longfellow's Excelsior).
22. Princeton.
23. Quiver.
24. Stagedoor watchman.
25. American Society for Prevention of—.
26. "Sorry, but I don't believe I will—" (I shall).
27. Digging tunnels under—.
28. The science of logic.
29. Key West, Fla.
30. Alaska (it's a husky dog).
31. "I'm looking forward to your concerts—."
32. "It's a long time—."
33. Wrigley's gum.
34. Van Wie (she's a golf champ).
35. You can only go half-way into a tunnel (and then you start to come out of it).
36. Designating a trap-shooting game.
37. Dinab.
38. Somnambulist.
39. Mechanically scrambling word sounds.
40. Badminton.
41. The Leader.
42. A mountain ridge cut through—.
43. Keenly discerning.
44. "Yes, Colonel!"
45. Running a restaurant.
46. Sheaffer.
47. Spread it on your flower beds (it's a brown substance formed of decayed vegetable matter).
48. Fuselage.
49. Counter-clockwise.
50. Asia.

YOU—

ARE THE MAN OF THE HOUR!

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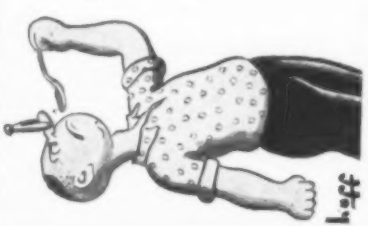
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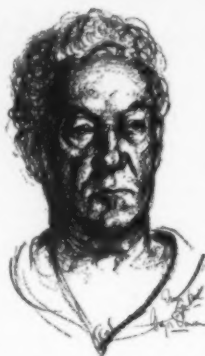
NEXT MONTH:

"The American Scene"
(page 6)
will feature
"Grotesques at
Santo Domingo"
by John Sloan,
distinguished contemporary
American artist.

Life

+ SUCH IS LIFE +

"THE Soda Fountain", by William Glackens (p. 6), doesn't represent any particular drugstore counter in the United States. Glackens studied a lot of soda fountains before he did this painting, even building a rough one in his studio.



Wm. J. Glackens

The artist was born in Philadelphia in 1870, going from high school to the Philadelphia *Record, Press and Ledger* in quick succession as each paper bid for his work as a sketch artist. That was in the days when newspapers didn't use photographs and a rapid sketch artist had to accompany the reporter on a big story and dash off an illustration before the police or undertakers took the principals away. During this period Glackens studied nights at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Branching out from the newspaper field he was soon doing special assignment jobs for magazines like *McClure's*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*, sketching everything from Wisconsin lumber camps to the U. S. Army in action during the Spanish-American War. When he finally abandoned illustration work

to devote his whole time to serious painting he was regarded as the No. 1 illustrator of the country and many an editor sighed at losing him.

Today Glackens lives in Greenwich Village literally surrounded by painters — his wife, his daughter and his son are artists. "It will be a long time before we develop an American School of painting," he predicts. "Our present work is entirely French in influence."

STUFF: In the Public Nuisance No. 1 Contest (p. 34), "Satan" was nominated once, Shirley Temple 18 times. One contestant nominated himself. . . . An anonymous "Are You Sure?" enthusiast from Boston composed 50 of his own questions and sent them to the A.Y.S. Editor with the answers sealed. The A. Y. S. Editor contrived to score a 78 on it. . . . Recommended to Christmas card buyers: The beautifully engraved and mounted black and white reproductions of American Scene artists. At department stores, or from the American Artists Group, 106 Seventh Avenue, New York. . . . E. Jerome Ellison, who has exposed many a non-violent racket in the "Some of the People" department, has collaborated with Frank W. Brock in exposing more of them in *The Run for Your Money*, published by Dodge, Oct. 21. . . . You can't be too careful, says Norman Sullivan. A man in Pennsylvania has just turned up an old will that gives him title to an auto rest camp.

—THE EDITORS

+ CHAMBER OF AMERICAN HORRORS—NO. 1



Photo by Peter Hancock

Caption by S. J. Perelman

What sinister secret, what age-old riddle, lies behind this brooding face of plywood and papier mâché? It needs no Egyptologist to untangle the mystery of the Sphinx Realty Company of North Fairfax Avenue, Hollywood. Through this fantastic goitre pass the most beautiful realtors in Southern California, who inside await you with bargains in Spanish haciendas, Irish cottages, Italian palaces and Cape Cod bungalows.

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